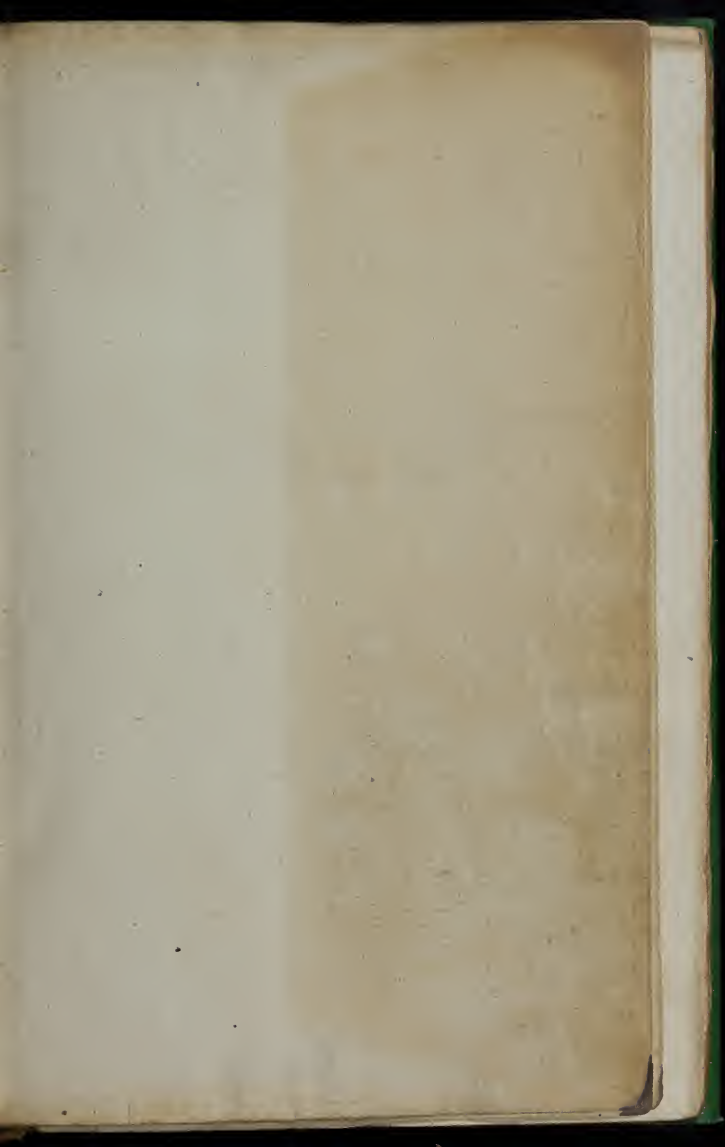
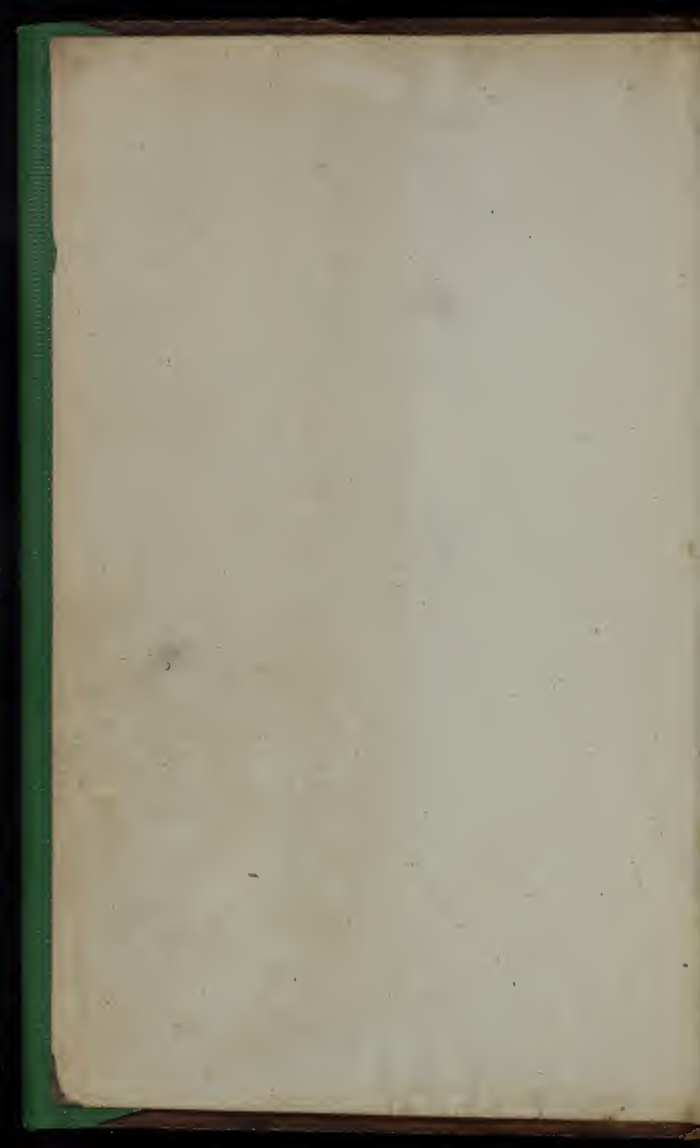
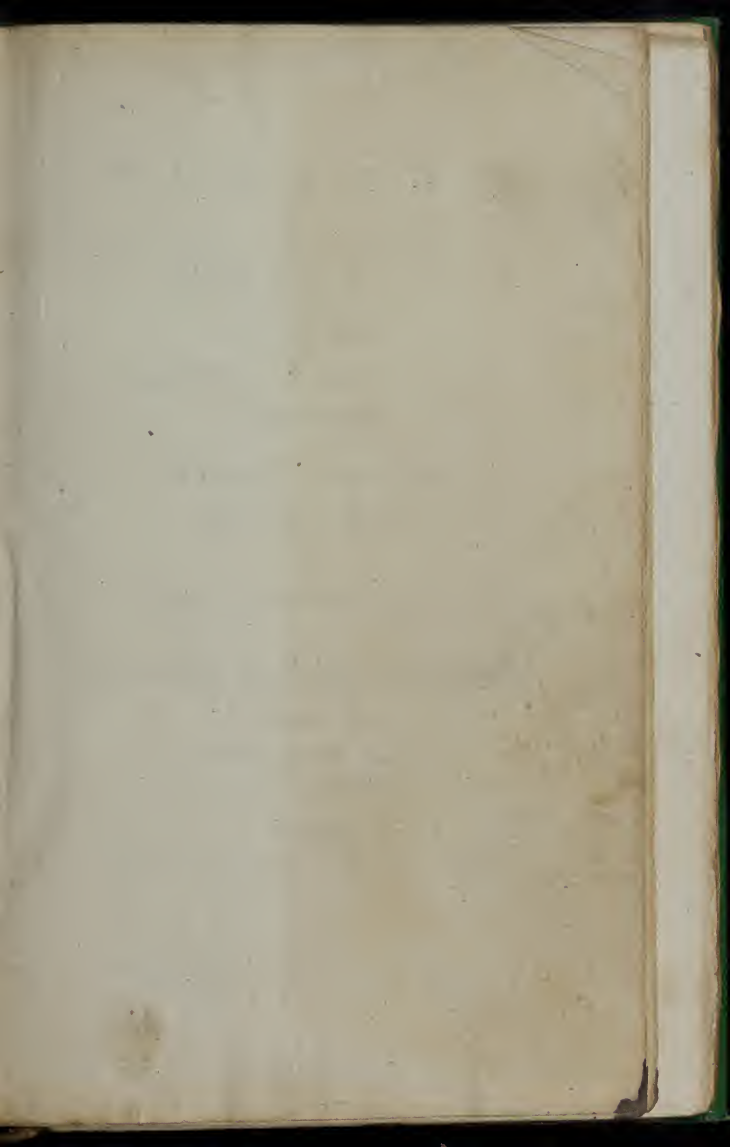




4/6







Covent Garden prompt books

v. 17

P I Z A R R O;

T R A G E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN

Drury Lane;

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

K O T Z E B U E;

AND

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EDITION.

London :

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, NO. 170, OPPOSITE
BOND STREET, PICCADILLY.

1807.

Price 2s. 6d.

— *superior Edition, with a fine Frontispiece, containing a whole-length
Portrait of Mr. KEMBLE as ROLLA, 5s.—Plate separate 1s.*

Case

✓

134

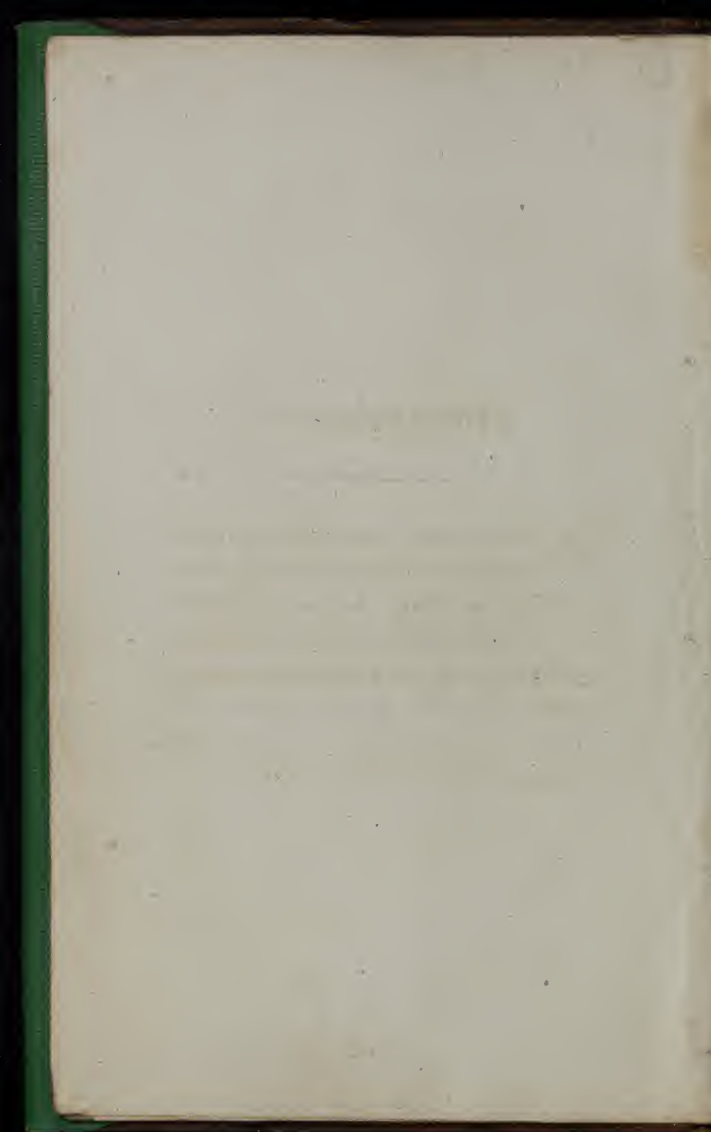
188

v. 17

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the two translations which have been published of Kotzebue's "SPANIARDS IN PERU" have, I understand, been very generally read, the Public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgment on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury Lane Theatre.



DEDICATION.

TO HER, whose approbation of this Drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the Public, have been to *me* the highest gratification derived from its success—I dedicate this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

1871

I have been thinking of you
very much lately, and wondering
how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I am
still the same old man, but
I am getting on as well as I can.

Yours truly,
John Smith

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day ;
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love ;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And Winter revels with protracted power :
Then blame not, Critics, if, thus late, we bring
A Winter Drama—but reproach—the Spring.
What prudent Cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust ?
Hors'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park ;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor gate :—
Anxious—yet timorous too !—his steed to show,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row.
Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly fly,
Woo's the stray glance of Ladies passing by,
While his off heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains ;
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains !
Where white-rob'd milles amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How'do, how'do?"
With gen'ral questions that no answer wait,
"How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late?
"In't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
"A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray can we set you down?"
These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay ;
Should our Play please—and you're indulgent ever—
Be your decree—" 'Tis better late than never."

Dramatis Personae.

3/4	ATALIBA, King of Quito,	-	Mr. POWELL.
	ROLLA,	} Commanders of his Army,	Mr. KEMBLE.
6	ALONZO,		Mr. C. KEMBLE.
6	CORA, Alonzo's Wife,	- -	Mrs. JORDAN.
	PIZARRO, Leader of the Spaniards,	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
10	ELVIRA, Pizarro's Mistress,	-	Mrs. SIDMONS.
1 1/2	ALMAGRO,	- -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
1/2	GONZALO,	} Pizarro's Associates,	Mr. WENTWORTH.
1 1/2	DAVILLA,		Mr. TRUEMAN.
1 1/2	GOMEZ,		Mr. SURMONT.
2 1/2	VALVERDE, Pizarro's Secretary,	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
	LAS-CASAS, a Spanish Ecclesiastic,	-	Mr. AICKIN.
<i>Hualpa</i>	An old blind Man,	- -	Mr. CORY.
	OROZEMBO, an old Cacique,	-	Mr. DOWTON.
<i>1/2 Topac</i>	A Boy,	- -	Master CHATTERLEY.
	A Centinel,	- -	Mr. HOLLAND.
<i>Hualpa</i>	A servant,	- -	Mr. MADDOCKS.
1	Orano, Peruvian Officer,	- -	Mr. ARCHER.
	Soldiers, Mess. FISHER, EVANS, CHIPPENDALE, WEBB, &c.		
1 1/2	Huacah,	- - - - -	Mr. J. Matthews.
	Jedro	- - - - -	J. Cooper.
	The Vocal Parts by		
	Messrs. KELLY, SEDGWICK, DIGNUM, DANBY, &c. —		
	Mrs. CROUCH, Miss DE CAMP, Miss STEPHENS, Miss		
	LEAK, Miss DUFOUR, &c.		

Cajal ——— } Peruvian Officers

Varin ———

Pablo ———

Bernal ———

Sancho ———

Carro ———

Spanish Do

1834-5.

Beckett.

Gough

Smith.

Henth

1
Lise — Elvira
L.H. — Valverde

PIZARRO.

Green Cloth.

A C T I.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Trumpets. L. H.

SCENE I.

Pizarro's Tent, thro' which is seen

A magnificent Pavilion near Pizarro's Tent—
View of the Spanish Camp in the back Ground.—

ELVIRA is discovered sleeping under a canopy on a Couch.
near the Pavilion—

VALVERDE enters, L. R. H.
gazes on ELVIRA, kneels, and attempts to kiss
her hand; ELVIRA, awakened, rises and looks at
him with indignation.

Elv. **A**UDACIOUS! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery? Shall I disclose thee to Pizarro? Hey! *his secretary.*

Val. I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart, by what fatality still holds he your affection?

PIZARRO:

*servant of Pizarro!**Elv.* Hold! thou trusty ^{SECRETARY!}

Val. Ignobly born! in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need—in youth audacious—ill his first manhood—a licensed pirate—treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero is he styled—the first of Spanish conquerors! and for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

Elv. ~~What~~! Valverde moralizing! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Passion, infatuation, call it as you will; but what attaches thee to this despised, unworthy leader?—Base lucre is thy object, ^{and cold} ~~mean~~ fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher interest in Pizarro—I know you. ~~XL.~~

Val. ^{By heaven} ~~On my soul~~, you wrong me; what else my faults, I have none towards you: ~~but~~ indulge the scorn and levity of your nature; do it while yet the time permits; the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon approaches.

Elv. Valverde, a prophet too!

Val. Hear me, Elvira—Shame from his late defeat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but trust me, he over-rates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope? The army murmuring at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy spoil the gay pavilion of his luxury! each day diminishes our force.

Elv. But are you not the heirs of those that fall?

Val.

2.

L. 11. E.

Tot — Pizarro - Truncheon

+ Trumpets & Drums L. 11. E.

A Short History.

R Val. Are gain and plunder then our only purpose? Is this Elvira's heroism?

L Elv. No, to save me Heaven! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your pursuits; but I will trust none of you: ^{there is not one} in your whole army ~~there is not one of you~~ that has a heart, or speaks ingenuously—aged Las-Cafas, and he alone, excepted.

Val. He! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme!

Elv. Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been! (*L. R.*)

Val. I will grant, Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you; ~~forgive me, but at that event I still must wonder.~~

Elv. Hear me, Valverde.—When first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol. Self-taught, self-raised, and self-supported, he became a hero; ~~and I was formed to be won by glory and renown.~~ 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a slight vessel, his force was not an hundred men. Arrived in the island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sands, and said, "Pass those who fear to die or conquer with their leader." Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of these the warrior stood his ground. ~~Even at the moment~~ ^{first} when my ears ^{devoured} ~~first caught~~ this tale, my heart ^{cried out} ~~exclaimed~~, "Pizarro is its lord!" What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt! you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

Val. I press no further; still assured that while Alonzo de Molina, our General's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. ^(Trumpets without.) ~~+~~ ~~+~~

Elv. Silence! I hear him coming; look not perplexed.

perplexed.—How mystery and fraud confound the countenance! Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst. *X L*

M. F. S. —Pizarro. (*Speaking without.*) Chain and secure him; I will examine him myself.

M. F. S. PIZARRO enters. *Thro. Tent. & advances*

R (*Valverde bows—Elvira laughs.*) *L.* *112*

Piz. Why dost thou smile, Elvira?

Elv. To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have.

Piz. Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved!

Elv. I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell you. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and yours does not.

Piz. Psha! trifler!

Val. Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that—

Piz. Apprehensions!

Val. Yes—that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to—*Elv. retires behind R.*

Piz. Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother entrusted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we struggled with—what perils we surmounted! When landed with a slender host upon an unknown land—
then,

N. P. H. C. - N.

N. E. S.

Bernal

2 Banners - Spanish

4

6 Soldiers

Pedro Pablo

Six Soldiers

Las Casas

Gonzalo

Almagro

Laviella

Sancho

6 Soldiers

x x L. N. S. Trumpets & Drums
x

then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day by day, did thin our ranks; amid close-pressing enemies, how still undaunted I endured and dared—maintained my purpose and my power in despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till with my faithful few remaining I became at last victorious!—When, I say, of these things I spoke, the youth, Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear, his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

Val. What could subdue attachment so begun?

Piz. Las-Casas—He it was, with fascinating craft and canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

Val. Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

Piz. But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

Piz. But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropt upon my bosom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the lessons he had gain'd in wrong'd Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forc'd me—Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it! in base

bafe retreat and foul difcomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is; I am returned—my force is strengthened, and the audacious Boy fhall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

Val. 'Tis doubted whether ftill Alonzo lives.

Piz. 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is juft made prifoner: twelve thoufand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a folemn facrifice on their ungodly altars. We muft profit by their fecurity, and attack them unprepared—the facrificers fhall become the victims.

Elv. Wretched innocents! And their own blood fhall bedew their altars! *f.u. l.*

Piz. Right! (*Trumpets without.*) Elvira, retire!

Elv. Why fhould I retire?

Piz. Becaufe men are to meet here, and on manly bufinefs.

Elv. O, ~~men~~! ~~men~~! ungrateful and perverfe! O, woman! ftill affectionate though wrong'd! The Beings to whole eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whole bofoms in the hour of fore calamity you feek for reft and confolation; ~~when~~ ^{thefe} when the pompous follies of your ~~mean~~ ^{mad} ambition are the queftion, you treat as playthings ~~as~~ as flaves!—I fhall not retire.

Piz. Remain then---and, if thou canft, be filent.

Elv. They only babble who praftife not reflection. I fhall think---and thought is f Silence.

Piz.

A Short Flourish.

6 Soldiers ——— 2 Banners ——— 6 Soldiers
Pablo Bernal. Sancho
R. L.

Couch
Valverde-Elvira

Las Casas. ^{Gonzalo} ~~Gonzalo~~ — Pizarro — Almagro — ^{Gonzalo} ~~Gonzalo~~ Davilla
L.

A Enter. L. N. E. — Bernal — Sancho — Pablo
 2nd } 2 Banners
Contra } 2 Guards
 1st } 2 Guards
Advanc. R. } 2 Guards
 3rd } Las Casas
 } Davilla
 } Gonzalo
 } Almagro
 4th } Sancho
Advanc. L. } 2 Guards
 } 2 Guards
 } 2 Guards

A TRAGIC PLAY.

7

L. 11. 5.

Piz. Ha!—there's somewhat in her manner lately—

Trumpets

[Pizarro looks sternly and suspiciously towards Elvira, who meets him with a commanding and unaltered eye. She seats herself on the couch—
Autovide stands behind her

Bernal Pablo

L. } Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO,
through } *DAVILLA, Officers and Soldiers. ** Trumpets & drums*
front } *without, sound, till they are in their places.*

Las-C. Pizarro, we attend your summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow-foldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice: if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity---trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Alm. Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our foldiers murmuring—Battle! Battle!—then death to the arm'd, and chains for the defenceless.

Dav. Death to the whole Peruvian race!

Las-C. Merciful Heaven!

Alm. Yes, General, the attack, and instantly!

Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

Las-C. Alonzo!—scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name

but

~~but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?~~

~~Alm. and Dav. We are.~~

~~Alm. Dav. & Gon. All!—Battle! Battle!~~

Las-C. Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet compleat?—Battle!—gracious Heaven! Against whom?—Against a King, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a People who never wronged the living Being their Creator formed: a People, who, children of innocence! received you as cherished guests with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as Gods you were received; as Fiends have you acted.

Piz. *Las-Cafas!*

Las-C. Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, All-powerful! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—Oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, Chieftains—Countrymen—Do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs—fall not, drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance—All I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies—Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence

nitence from you, I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.—Elvira, you weep! —Alas! ^{who} does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine? *Elvira on Couch R.*

Alm. Because there are no women here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, *Going M.* are ye for instant battle? *I*

Alm. We are.

Las-C. Oh, men of blood!—*(Kneels.)* ^{Heaven!} God! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness.—*(Rises.)* No, ^{homicides} I curse your purpose, ^{homicides} I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be scared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with Tigers and with savage beasts will I commune: and when at length we meet again before the bless'd tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now! *(Going.) R.*

on his L. H.-Elv. ^{M.} *Las-Cafas!* Oh! take me with thee, *Las-Cafas. [Advances at L. of Las-Cafas].*

Las-C. Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures

if thou canst : then shall thy frailty be redeemed,
and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest.

[Exit. R.]

Piz. How, Elvira ! wouldst thou leave me ?

Elv. I am bewildered, grown terrified !—
Your inhumanity—and that good Las-Casas—
oh ! he appeared to me just now something more
than heavenly : and you ! ye all looked worse
than earthly.

Piz. Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

Elv. Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

Alm. Well ! Heaven be praised, we are rid of
the old moralist. *Elvira*
the Count.

Gon. I hope he'll join his preaching pupil,
Alonso. *R*

Piz. Now to prepare our muster and our
march. ~~At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice.~~
~~Consulting with our guides, the route of your~~
~~divisions shall be given to each commander.~~ If
we surmise, we conquer ; and if we conquer,
the gates of Quito will be open to us.

Alm. And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

Piz. Not so fast—ambition for a time must
take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must
hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand—Pizarro
still appear dependant upon Spain ; while the
pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, se-
cures the proud succession to the crown I seek. *Elvira starts*
et

Alm. This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe
the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's va-
lour.

Val. (To Elvira.) You mark, Elvira ?

Elv. O, yes—this is best—this is excellent.

Piz. You seem offended. Elvira still retains
my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

Elv. Offended ? — No ! — Thou know'st thy
glory

4

L. — { Gomez.
 { Orozco — Chains
 { 2 Guards
 { Huich — Chains
 { 2 Guards
 { Pedro — Chains

Soldiers
Pablo

Soldiers
Banner
Bernal.

Soldiers
Sancho

Eliza. Valverde

4 Soldiers.
Husack.
Pedro

Gomez. Gonzalez. Pizarro. Almagro. Orcosambo. Navilla

R.

L.

At the Enter Gomez. followed by

Pedro
Orcosambo
2 Guards
Husack
2 Guards

A TRAGIC PLAY.

11

glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just and honourable.

Piz. What mean you?

Elv. Oh! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps: but let it not impede the royal hero's course.—*(Trumpets without.)* Call to Arms.
The call of arms invites you—Away! away!
you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

Piz. And go you not with me?

Elv. Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

L. Enter GOMEZ.

Alm. How, Gomez! what bring'st thou?

Gom. On yonder hill among the palm-trees we have surpris'd an old cacique; escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe nought but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us.

L. Exit *[Gomez leaves the tent, and returns conducting Orozembo and Attendant, in chains, guarded by 4 Soldiers.]* *Gomez. goes behind to R.H.*

What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers. X to Alm *Dav. advances*

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Madman!—Tear out his tongue, or else—

Oro. Thou'lt hear some truth.

Dav. *(Shewing his poniard.)* Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

Oro. *(To Piz.)* Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious!—This insolence has sealed thy

thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian.
But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

Piz. ~~Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.~~

Oro. ~~My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.~~

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong-hold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer!—Wealth!—I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

Gon. ~~Obdurate Pagan!~~—How numerous is your army?

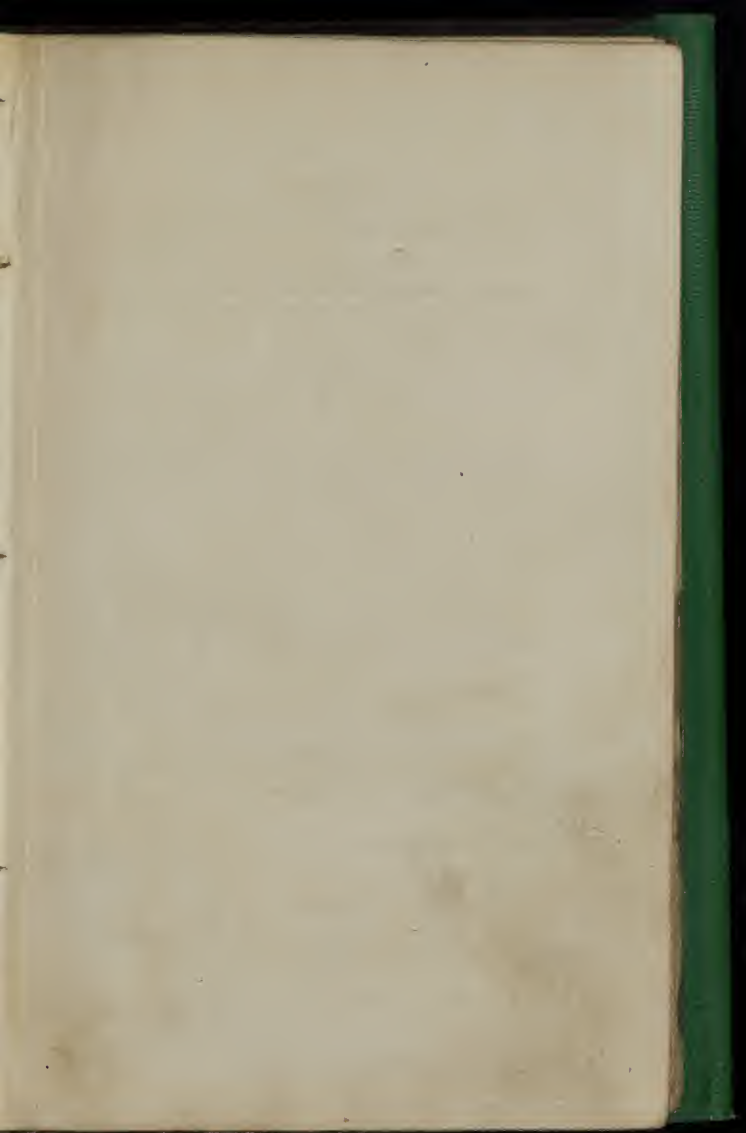
Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part—on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Cro.



A Two Soldiers advance. & support Onzombo.

A TRAGIC PLAY.

13

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Know'st thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him!—Alonzo!—Know him!—Our nation's benefactor!—The guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the King, ^{is the idol of our army} ~~is the idol of our army~~; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace more gentle than the unweaned lamb. CORA was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to CORA's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage!—I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man?—Why before thee, thou less than man!

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! (*Stabs him.*) A. / Orozimbo falls into the arms of two of the guards who are behind him.

Piz. Hold!

Alvira runs over to Orozimbo's R.

Soldier gives way to her.

Auracah is standing in tears behind.

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True! Observe, young man—your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. (~~Supporting Orozembo's head upon her bosom~~) Oh! ~~ye are monsters all~~. Look up, thou martyr'd innocent—~~look up once more, and bless me ere thou die.~~ ^{Heaven} God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me!—Me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. (*Orozembo is borne off dying.*) ~~by Soldiers.~~ ^{I.}

Piz. Away!—Davilla! If thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which ~~to Al.~~ ^{to Al.}

Piz. No more—Unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart; ~~as well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance.~~ Hark!—~~our troops are moving.~~

Huscah
Comes forward ~~Attendant.~~ (*On passing Elvira.*) If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult—

Elv. I understand you.

Hus. Att. His sons may yet thank your charity, if ~~not avenge their father's fate.~~ [Exit. ^{L.} +

Piz. What says the slave?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy. ~~++++ Trumpets sound R. 11-8~~

Piz. Our guard and guides approach. (*Soldiers*
prepare to march through the tents.) Follow ~~me, friends~~ ^{now on}—each

+ Relies M. with Alm. Gon. Dav. conferring

+ follow'd by Pedro & the Guards who entered with him

A Call to Arms.

© General, 2 Banners & 4 Guards M. face to R & march off R behind the Tent
Sancho & Pablo with their 12 Guards face R & L meet in M. & march off
two & two R. behind the Tent

13 Sancho & Pablo with their 12 Guards follow

Pizarro
Alm. Gon.
Dav. & Gon.

A Exeunt. U. E. H. & Bernard

2 Banners

6 Soldiers

Pizarro

Almagro

Avilla

Gonzalo

Gomez.

A { Sancho & Pablo

12 Soldiers. 2 & 2.

A Sancho & Pablo. meet in centre of the stage
& pass thro the tent - followed by the soldiers
under their command.

has

A TRAGIC PLAY.

15

each ~~shall have~~ his post assigned, and ere Peru-
ruvia's God shall sink beneath the main, the *R. behind tent*
Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float
above the walls of vanquish'd Quito. *[Exeunt]*

*Triumphs
sound till
all are off.*

Manent ELVIRA and VALVERDE.

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain
strength with the increasing horrors which I see
appal Elvira's soul?

Elv. I am mad with terror and remorse!
Would I could fly these dreadful scenes! *+ R*

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be
thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to
avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—
a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this.
Now leave me. *[Exit Valverde. L.]*

Elv. (Alone.) No! not this revenge—no!
not this instrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a
moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor!

~~Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be
true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro
will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake,
have sacrificed—Oh, ^{me}!—What have I not
sacrificed for him; yet, curbing the avenging
pride that swells this bosom, I still will further
try him. Oh, men! ye who, ^{unworthy of the} wearied by the
fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the
wanton's flattery a new delight, ~~oh~~, ye may
insult ~~and leave~~ the hearts to which your faith
was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may
fear no ~~other~~ peril; ~~because such hearts, how-
ever you injure and desert them, have yet the~~
proud~~

honour, and

proud retreat of an unspotted ~~fame~~—of unre-
 proaching conscience. But beware the despe-
 rate libertine who forsakes the creature whom ^{he has}
~~his arts have first deprived of all natural protec-~~ ^{friends and fame, and o'}
~~tion~~—of all left consolation! What has he left
 her?—Despair and vengeance! [Exit. R]

With Overture 45 minutes

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

(25 - 26 Feb)

1

Visc d { Alonso 3rd
 { Cora 2nd
 { Fernando 2nd
 { ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Zuluaga

~~Zuluaga~~

Bank.

Cora - Fernando - Alonso.

R.

Run Bank.

NB. Fire ready above for 2nd Scene.

(2nd 1st 2nd)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*A landscape.**Trumpets & Drum
Ready. S.H.**R—A Bank surrounded by a wild Wood, and Rocks.—**CORA, sitting on the root of a tree, is playing
with her Child.—ALONZO hangs over them with
delight and cheerfulness. *Enter behind R***Disc'd*

Cora. **N**OW confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Al. Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—O! my lord's image, and my heart's adored! (*Pressing the Child to her bosom.*)

Al. The little daring urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. ~~At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.~~

Cora. Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth, from the dear father's store; it is a new delight that turns with quicken'd gratitude to HIM, the author of her augmented bliss.

Al. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon: then will be the last of the three holydays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Al. What are those three?

D

Cora.

2.

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I pass; that in part is selfish: but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them; that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holyday: and sweeter still the third, when-
imperfect ^{er} his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of, Father, Mother!—O! that is the dearest joy of all!

Al. Beloved Cora!

Cora. Oh! my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Al. To Heaven and Rolla.

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla: and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo? art thou not happy?

Al. Can Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why then of late so restless on thy couch? Why to my waking watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs?

Al. Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction; and are not all men brethren?

Al. Should they prove victorious?

Cora. I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

Al. Fly, with thy infant, Cora?

Cora. What! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

Al. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest?

Cora.

2.

1 — Rolla. 3 Recess
x 4 L. Trumpets and Drums.

A Short Flourish of Trumpets.

By Trumpets & Drums. go round to R.H.
Cannon ————— to R.H.

19

Al. Haften then to the concealment in the mountains; ^{allotted to your sisters and their children} where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sisters', and her monarch's will.

Al. Rolla will be with me.

Al. Then be it so. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth; my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

Cor. Alonzo, I cannot thank you: silence is the gratitude of true affection: who seeks to follow it by sound will miss the track. *(Shout)* Trumpets & Drums ++++

Al No, 'tis the General placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice.

'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. +++

211m & (Trumpets sound.)

S. Rol. (as entering.) ~~Then place them on the~~ ^{Rolla, host those warriors}

Rol. (as entering.) ~~Then place them on the~~
hill fronting the Spanish camp. (Enters.)

Cora. Rolla! my friend, my brother!

3.

Al. Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe you?

Rol. Pass them in peace and bliss.—Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child—He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he loves or reveres thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him! *no more,*

Rol. *Oh,* no more!—What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness.—I see her happy.—Is not my object gain'd, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. You must away; *and* you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofan'd recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, *all* and e'en the Virgins of the Sun, retire.

Cora. Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

Rol. We *have* ~~heard~~ ^{hear} Pizarro's plan is to surprise us.—Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede!

Rol. Yes, yes. Thou know'st how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our ^{valour} ~~our~~—^{vengeance} will not be our own.—No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art ^{placed} ~~placed~~; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is ^{placed beyond} ~~absent from~~ the peril of the fight. *Luluga a downy and takes the child!*

Al. ~~Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.~~

Cora.

Orano

Huscah

Harin

Capal

L.H.E. All the Peruvian Soldiers and Banners

Ataliba

Rima

High Priest

~~All the Priests L.H.E.~~

Priests & Virgins

~~All the Virgins R.H.E.~~

When Iora & to Alonso, Zuluga leads Fernando to M
behind.

When the Drums and Trumpets sound, Iora turns
away hastily to Fernando M behind

Iora leaves the Child with Zuluga & advances to
Rolla's L.

L. M. S. Enter.

Muscak

Standard -- Lion Se

5 Soldiers

Drum

Standard -- Flowers

5 Soldiers.

Horn

Standard -- Tender

5 Soldiers.

Shal.

Standard -- Lama

5 Soldiers.

Utahba -- Sweetin

Sima -- Rainbow

A

N. E. N. & S. Choristers. { High Priest
Priests &
Priestesses.

A TRAGIC PLAY.

21

Cora. This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

Rol. And is the mother unbelieving too?

Cora. No more—^{no more} Do with me as you please. ^{to Alon} My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

Al. My adored! we thank you both. ^(March without.) Hark! the King approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise.—A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not. We are every where prepared. ^{come} Come, ^{implore} Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou ^{implore} implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, ^{ascend to heaven} rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

[*Exeunt. R. Trumpets.*]

SCENE II.

The Temple of the Sun: it represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry: in the centre is the altar.—A solemn march.—The Warriors and King enter on one side of the Temple.—ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA, on the other. R.

Ata. Welcome, Alonzo!—^(To Rolla.) Kinsman, thy hand. ^(To Cora.) Bless'd be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ata. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their King. ^{now} Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers? ^{begets}

Rol. Such as ^{becomes} the cause which they support;

PIZARRO

22

the Monarch they obey; their shout is their universal cry
 support; ^{their cry is} Victory or death! our
King, our King! our Country! and our God! [^]

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast
 been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders,
 ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which
 thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rob. [^] Yet never was the hour of peril near,
 when to inspire them words were so little needed. ^x
 My brave associates—partners of my toil, my
 feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add
 vigour to the virtuous energies which ^{inspire}
 your hearts?—No—you have judged as I
 have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which
 these ^{bold} invaders would delude you—Your
 generous spirit has compared ^{as} mine has, the
 motives, which, in a war ^{like this}, can animate
 their souls, and ours.—THEY, by a strange
 frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder,
 and extended rule—WE, for our country, ^{for} our
 altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an Ad-
 venturer whom they fear—and obey a power
 which they hate—we serve a Monarch whom
 we love—a God whom we adore.—Where'er
 they move in anger, desolation tracks their pro-
 gress!—Where'er they pause in amity, afflic-
 tion mourns their friendship—They boast, they
 come but to improve our state, enlarge our
 thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—
 Yes—THEY ^{they} will give enlightened freedom to
 our minds, who are themselves the slaves of pas-
 sion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their
 protection—Yes, such protection as vultures
 give to lambs—covering and devouring them!
 —They call on us to barter all of good we have
 inherited and proved, for the desperate chance
 of something better which they promise.—Be
 our

Alonso, Lora, and Child x behind Itatiba L. - The
Peruvians who are on R. come a little forward, and are
joined by Rima, who, till now, stands with
Rainbow III

Soldiers
 Banners
 Rima
 Huscak
 Orano.

R.

Rella

Soldiers
 Banners
 Harin
 Sapal
 Itatiba
 Lora
 Child
 Alonso
L

Music of the Procession.

Enter L.H.E. The Priests

R.H.E. The Virgins.

They come, a Priest & Virgin down the centre.
at the front of the Stage they turn from each other,
The Priests up the stage L. the Virgins R.

Then comes

The High Priest

(who remains behind the Altar.)

followed by the six Virgins, who sing "Fly away"
in the next Act. They come forward, three on one
side, and three on the other. - When all are in
their places, the High Priest comes forward, &
begins the invocation.

When this Procession begins, Rolla & R. to Ataliba L.

* March. Solemn March again to make themselves
V Exeunt where they entered

High Priest.

The Virgins, two & two

The other Priests & Virgins as they entered,
beginning with those nearest the front of
the Stage. - When they are gone, Ataliba in M
speaks, - "Our offering is accepted &c"

A TRAGIC PLAY.

23

our plain answer this : The throne we honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die ⁱⁿ with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring ~~us~~ ^{us} ~~XL~~

XL ~~†††~~ [Loud shouts of the soldiery. *Trumpets &c*

Ata. (*Embracing Rolla.*) Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice. (*A solemn Procession commences from the recess of the Temple above the Altar—The Priests and Virgins of the Sun arrange themselves on either side—The High-Priest approaches the Altar, and the solemnity begins—The Invocation of the High-Priest is followed by the Chorusses of the Priests and Virgins—Fire from above lights upon the Altar.*

L.H.E.

R.H.E.

Thunder

The whole assembly rise, and join in the Thanksgiving.) Our offering is accepted.—Now to arms, my friends, prepare for battle.

Rolla goes to the head of the troops R

Enter ORANO.

Ora. The enemy!

Ata. How near?

Ora. From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora.

She clings to him between them
 Cora. Oh, Alonzo! (*Embracing him.*)

Al. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere you leave us.

Al. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent! *When Alonzo kissed Fern*

Ata. Haste, haste!—each moment is precious! *Fern is Rolla's*

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine. *x R*

Rol. Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. (*Giving him her hand.*) Farewell! The God of war be with you: but, bring me back Alonzo. *Fern goes to Cora.* [*Exit with the Child. R.*]

Ata. (*Draws his sword.*) Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour.—Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts.—If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, strait forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their Monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God! and our native land. (*A march.*) +++

L. Flourish of Drums and Trumpets continued [*Exeunt. L.*]
till Rolla & Alonzo re-enter

SCENE III.

A Landscape

The Wood between the Temple and the Camp.

L. — Enter ROLLA and ALONZO.

Rol. Here, my friend, we *part one long* separate—looon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

Al. Or perhaps we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's

5

R- { Tepac
 { Hualpa
 { Ataliba 2nd
R- { Sorano 2nd Hucak 2nd Capat. Harin
 { all the act.
 { ~~all the act.~~

Tumpeks & Tumv.

* The troops appear to be forming into a line of march,
and the scene closes on them.

As Trumpets & Drums continue till the
Scene changes,

army's strength; one earnest word at part-
ing.

Rol. There is in language ^{now} ~~now~~ no word but
battle.

Al. Yes, one word more—Cora!

Rol. Cora! Speak!

Al. The next hour brings us—

Rol. Death or victory!

Al. It may be victory to one—death to the
other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Al. If so, my wife and child I bequeath to
the protection of Heaven and my King. But *if I alone*
should ~~only~~ fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Al. Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my
child.

Rol. Rouse thee, Alonzo! Banish these timid
fancies.

Al. Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot
fly from the foreboding which oppresses me:
~~thou know'st it will not shake me in the fight:~~
but Give me the ^{your} promise I ~~exact~~ ^{do}.

Rol. If it be Cora's will—Yes—I ^{do} promise—
(*Gives his hand.*)

Al. Tell her it was my last wish! and bear to
her and to my son, my last blessing.

Rol. I will.—Now ~~then~~ to our posts, and let
our swords speak for us. (*They draw their swords.*)

Al. For the King and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the King!

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

^{shout} *Alarms without.*

Alonzo. — Rolla R

Cannon R.

SCENE IV.

A View of the Peruvian Camp, with a distant View of a Peruvian Village. Trees growing from a rocky Eminence on one Side.—Alarms continue. H. & L.

Hualpa
Enter an Old blind Man and a Boy. Tepac.

Hualpa. O. Man. Have none returned to the camp?

Tepac. Boy. One messenger alone. From the temple they all march'd to meet the foe. A

O. Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. O! had I still retain'd my sight, I might now have grasp'd a sword, and died a foldier's death! Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

O. Man. He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

O. Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

Boy. Impossible, grandfather! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

O. Man. Poor child! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men.—

++++R (Discharge of cannon heard.) Hark! the noise is near—I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—~~X~~ (Shouts at a distance.) At every shout,

Cannon, drums &c.
++++

with involuntary haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant foldiers!

Boy. O ^{grand}father! there are foldiers running—

O. Man. Spaniards, boy?

Boy. No, Peruvians!

O. Man.

A Trumpets. Drums & Cannons. R

6

5 — { Savilla
Almagro
Pedro — Gonzalo
Gomez — Sanchez
12 Spanish Soldiers

7
R - { all the Peruvians } again
 { Rolla } again

O. Man. How! and flying from the field!—
It cannot be. [*Goes up the stage with the boy &c.*]
R. &c. Drums and Trumpets.

Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.

O speak to them, boy!—Whence come you?
How goes the battle?

Sol. We may not stop; we are sent for the
reserve behind the hill. The day's against us.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

O. Man. Quick, then, quick!

Boy. I see the points of lances glittering in
the light.

O. Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend
this way?

Enter a Peruvian Soldier.

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sol. I'm sent to tell the helpless father to re-
treat among the rocks: all will be lost, I fear.
The King is wounded.

O. Man. Quick, boy! Lead me to the hill,
where thou may'st view the plain. (*Alarms.*)

a scart round his arm *Huscah. Harin*
U. & R. Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANG, ~~off~~
~~fers, and Soldiers.~~ *Capal. Super. Spans*

Ata. My wound is bound; believe me, the
hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon your servant; but the allotted
priest who attends the sacred banner has pro-
nounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no
blessing can await the day until he leave the
field. *O.*

Ata. Hard restraint! O! my poor brave fol-
diers! Hard that I may no longer be a witness

~~of their valour.~~ But haste ~~you~~; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren. [*Exit Orano, ^{his son, his brother, and his friend} Officers, and Soldiers.*] 11 E. 2.
 I will not repine; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear. *The old man advances L.*

The boy remains behind L.
Ataliba & Topac *Old Man and Boy advance L.*

O. Man. Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate?—Who is it complains thus?

Ata. One almost by hope forsaken.

O. Man. Is the King alive?

Ata. The King still lives.

O. Man. Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who shall protect Ataliba?

O. Man. The immortal Powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our Monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

Ata. ~~How impious, had I murmured!~~ How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love.

Boy. (*Turning ^{between them} forward*) O, ~~father!~~—Stranger! see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder!

Ata. Ha! Spaniards!—And I—Ataliba—~~ill-fated fugitive,~~ without a sword even to try the ransom of a ~~monarch~~ ^{new} life.

Enter

A TRAGIC PLAY.

29

*Almagro, Davilla, Gomez, Gonzalo, Sancho & Pedro with
dragon swords.*

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish

12 Soldiers.

Dav. 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the King! *[Dav. & Gomez seize Ataliba.]*

Alm. Away! Follow with your prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line. *Dav. Gomez, Gonz. San. Pedro & Soldiers*

[Exeunt Davilla, Almagro, and Soldiers, with

Ataliba prisoner. P. L. R.]

O. Man. The King! Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruf-
fians' swords!

Boy. Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

O. Man. No—to the rescue of their King—they never will desert him. *(Alarms without.)*

R.

*H. C. R. Enter Persian Officers and Soldiers, flying across to L. H. of
H. C. R. Enter R. and
the stage; ORANO following. They form L.*

Ora. Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

H. C. R. Officer. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

H. C. R. Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Hold, recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the King?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy which you ob-
served

served so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in fight.

Rol. And bear the Inca off a prisoner?—
Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! *look there!*
The dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts, your King, your father—Ataliba in bondage! *from the field* Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can.

O. Man. Bless the voice of Rolla—and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale trembling wretches, who dare not follow Rolla though to save their King!

Rol. Shrink ye *from* the thunder of the foe—and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each *of you* but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now!—*But* do—alone *go*—alone *and* die with glory by my monarch's side! *Exit. H.E.K.*

R.

Act

++++

Soldiers. Rolla! We'll follow *Rolla!* thee. *Trumpets Drum, &c.*
found; Rolla rushes out, followed by *all the* Orato, Officers, and Soldiers.) *R*

O. Man. O godlike Rolla!—And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid!—Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above. *(Ascends a rock, and from thence into the L.H.S. tree.)* O—now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

O. Man. Rolla follows them?

Boy. He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—now he waves his arm to our soldiers—

(Report) ^

A + + + + Cannon.

* R. U. S. Inter.

Capal.
Standard - Lama
5 Soldiers.

Hurin
Standard - Condor.
5 Soldiers.

Ataliba

Rolla.

Rima - - Rainbow

Standard - Flowers.

5 Soldiers

Standard - Lion

3 Soldiers

They range across the stage

A TRAGIC PLAY.

31

(Report of cannon heard.) Now there is fire and smoke.

O. Man. Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

O. Man. Seest thou the King?

Boy. Yes—Rolla is near him!—His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

O. Man. Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters.

Boy. Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—O—now I see the King embracing Rolla. (Waving his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.) ^{A. *thrice*} + + + +

Boy leaves. Heroch & comes down. O. Man. (Falls on his knees.) Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life! My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee—My strength is gone! (The Boy having run to the Old Man.)

Boy. Let me help you, ^{grandfather} father—You tremble so—

O. Man. 'Tis with transport, boy!

[Boy leads the Old Man off. L +

+ + + + ^{R. H. S.} Shouts, Flourish, &c.

U. S. R. Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and Peruvian Officers and Soldiers.

Ata. In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. (Giving Rolla his sun of diamonds.) The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Roll.

Rol. It was the hand of Heaven, not mine,
that saved my King.

Orano & Hawcah
R— Enter Peruvian Officers and Soldiers.

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

Orano. *Off.* Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic
which early broke our ranks; but I fear we
have to mourn Alonzo's loss; his eager spirit
urged him too far in the pursuit!

Rolla *Ata.* How! Alonzo slain?

Orano. *1st Sol.* I saw him fall. *(Exit to Banner Flowers)*

Hawcah *2d Sol.* Trust me I beheld him up again and
fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed. *(Exit to Banner)*

Ata. O! victory, dearly purchased!

Rol. O Cora! Who shall tell thee this? *(Exit)*

Ata. Rolla, our friend is lost—our native
country saved! Our private sorrows must yield
to the public claim for triumph. Now go we
to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which
belongs to victory—to dry the widow'd and
the orphan'd tear of those whose brave protec-
tors have perished in their country's cause.

[Triumphant march, and exeunt. L.]

50 minutes.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

L. Exeunt

Atadiba

Rolla

Rainbow by Hima.

Huscah-Orama

Lion — *Suba*

3 Soldiers *Do*

Orama

Flowers — *Do*

5 Soldiers — *Do*

Havin

Condor — *Do*

5 Soldiers — *Do*

Latul — *Do*

Lama — *Do*

5 Soldiers. *Do*

1405
 1406
 1407
 1408
 1409
 1410
 1411
 1412
 1413
 1414
 1415
 1416
 1417
 1418
 1419
 1420
 1421
 1422
 1423
 1424
 1425
 1426
 1427
 1428
 1429
 1430
 1431
 1432
 1433
 1434
 1435
 1436
 1437
 1438
 1439
 1440
 1441
 1442
 1443
 1444
 1445
 1446
 1447
 1448
 1449
 1450
 1451
 1452
 1453
 1454
 1455
 1456
 1457
 1458
 1459
 1460
 1461
 1462
 1463
 1464
 1465
 1466
 1467
 1468
 1469
 1470
 1471
 1472
 1473
 1474
 1475
 1476
 1477
 1478
 1479
 1480
 1481
 1482
 1483
 1484
 1485
 1486
 1487
 1488
 1489
 1490
 1491
 1492
 1493
 1494
 1495
 1496
 1497
 1498
 1499
 1500

1405
 1406
 1407
 1408
 1409
 1410
 1411
 1412
 1413
 1414
 1415
 1416
 1417
 1418
 1419
 1420
 1421
 1422
 1423
 1424
 1425
 1426
 1427
 1428
 1429
 1430
 1431
 1432
 1433
 1434
 1435
 1436
 1437
 1438
 1439
 1440
 1441
 1442
 1443
 1444
 1445
 1446
 1447
 1448
 1449
 1450
 1451
 1452
 1453
 1454
 1455
 1456
 1457
 1458
 1459
 1460
 1461
 1462
 1463
 1464
 1465
 1466
 1467
 1468
 1469
 1470
 1471
 1472
 1473
 1474
 1475
 1476
 1477
 1478
 1479
 1480
 1481
 1482
 1483
 1484
 1485
 1486
 1487
 1488
 1489
 1490
 1491
 1492
 1493
 1494
 1495
 1496
 1497
 1498
 1499
 1500

1405
 1406
 1407
 1408
 1409
 1410
 1411
 1412
 1413
 1414
 1415
 1416
 1417
 1418
 1419
 1420
 1421
 1422
 1423
 1424
 1425
 1426
 1427
 1428
 1429
 1430
 1431
 1432
 1433
 1434
 1435
 1436
 1437
 1438
 1439
 1440
 1441
 1442
 1443
 1444
 1445
 1446
 1447
 1448
 1449
 1450
 1451
 1452
 1453
 1454
 1455
 1456
 1457
 1458
 1459
 1460
 1461
 1462
 1463
 1464
 1465
 1466
 1467
 1468
 1469
 1470
 1471
 1472
 1473
 1474
 1475
 1476
 1477
 1478
 1479
 1480
 1481
 1482
 1483
 1484
 1485
 1486
 1487
 1488
 1489
 1490
 1491
 1492
 1493
 1494
 1495
 1496
 1497
 1498
 1499
 1500

ACT III.

a Bank. L.H. 2^d E

SCENE I.

A wild Retreat among stupendous Rocks.—CORA and her Child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian Warriors, are scattered about the scene in groups.—They sing alternately, Stanzas expressive of their situation, with a CHORUS, in which all join.

1st Peruvian Woman.

ZULUGA, feelst thou nothing yet?
Zul. Yes, two Peruvian soldiers, one on the hill; the other entering the thicket in the vale.

2d Per. Woman. One more has pass'd.—He comes—but pale and terrified.

Cora. My heart will start from my bosom.

Enter a Peruvian Soldier, panting for breath.

Wom. Well! joy or death?

Sold. The battle is against us. The King is wounded, and a prisoner.

Wom. Despair and misery!

Cora. *(In a faint voice.)* And Alonzo?

Sold. I have not seen him.

1st Wom. Oh! whither must we fly?

2d Wom. Deeper into the forest.

Cora. I shall not move.

Another Peruvian Soldier, (without.) Victory! victory!

He enters hastily.

Rejoice! Rejoice! We are victorious!

Wom. (Springing up.) Welcome! welcome! thou messenger of joy: but the King!

Sold. He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

(The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance.—The Women and Children join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation.—The Warriors enter singing the Song of Victory, in which all join.—The King and ROLLA follow, and are met with rapturous and affectionate respect. CORA, during this scene, with her Child in her arms, runs through the ranks searching and inquiring for Alonzo.)

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well: believe it; the blood once stopp'd, my wound was nothing. *(Cora at length approaches Rolia, who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.)* Where is Alonzo?

(Rolia turns away in silence.)

Cora. (Falling at the King's feet.) Give me my husband, give this child his father.

Ata. I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hop'd you to find him?

Ata. Most anxiously.

Cora. Ataliba! is he not dead?

Ata. No! the Gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. Is he not dead, Ataliba?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. Oh King! torture me not thus! speak out, is this child fatherless?

Ata. Dearest Cora! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope! yet still there is hope! Speak to me, Rolia: you are the friend of truth.

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found! What mean you? will not

L. Cora

x to Rolia

Superior Iron Co. L. S.

2 barren

Soldiers

Quarries

Henry Chapel

Spencer

Quarries St. J.

Henry Chapel
Spencer

§ L. 11. 8. Excunt

Ataliba

Rima - with Rainbow.!

The Army

Priests.

Virgins

R. 2. 8. } Ira with the Child + Zetuga
Rollo

you, Rolla, tell me truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once.—Say not that he is not found: say at once that he is dead.

Rol. ^{Then} Then should I say false.

Cora. False! Blessings on thee for that word! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ~~igno~~^{innocence} ~~rance~~ may plead better than thy mother's agony.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards? Pizarro's prisoner? Then is he dead. [*Gives the cloth to Zerlinga.*]

Ata. Hope better--the richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

~~Per. Wom. Oh! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora, —here! here!~~

~~(The Peruvian Women eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and run and take them from their children, to offer them to Cora.)~~

~~Ata. Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all!—I thank thee, Father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!~~

Cora. Now ~~one~~^{be} been more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

Ata. Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now ~~we~~^{we} go ^{to} offer to the Gods, thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety. ~~xxx~~ [*March and procession. Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

*The Wood.**R—Enter CORA and Child.*

Cora. Mild innocence, what will become of thee?

R—Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Cora, I attend thy summons at th' appointed spot.

Cora. Oh my child, my boy!—hast thou still a father?

Rol. Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives?

Cora. Will he not soon want a mother too?—For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss?

Rol. Yes! for his child's sake.—Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, ^{now} Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

Cora. You bid me listen to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend?

Rol. His parting words—

Cora. His parting words! (*Wildly.*) Oh, speak!

Rol. Consign'd to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

Cora. His *last* request! his *last*!—Oh, name it!

Rol. If I fall, said he—(and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke)—promise to take my Cora for thy wife; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and ^{here} we parted.—Observe me, Cora, I repeat this *only*, as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo—for myself, I neither cherish claim ^{nor} hope.

Cora. Ha! does my reason fail me, or what
is

2
Pizarro.
Elvira.
=

is this horrid light that presses on my brain? Oh, Alonzo! It may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart—hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms——

Rol. Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

Cora. Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his spirit was ensnar'd; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers—He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance you look'd on and smil'd—You could have saved him—could—but did not.

Rol. Oh, glorious fun! can I have deserved this? Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

Cora. No! live! live for love! for that love thou seekest; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betray'd and slaughter'd friend! But thou hast borne to me the last words of my Alonzo! Now hear mine—Sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast—sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perish'd with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla husband!

Rol. Yet call me what I ^{truly} am—thy friend, ^{and} thy protector!

Cora. (*Distractedly.*) Away! I have no protector but my God!—With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter—There with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body—seeking, howe'er by death disfigur'd, the sweet smile of my Alonzo:—^{with fearful cries} I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest

smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look ; But if we find him not—Oh ! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords—They too are men.—Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband ; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprison'd father ? No, no, my child, every where we shall be safe.—A wretched mother bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father.

[Exit with the Child. *S. Alonzo*]

Rol. (*After a pause of agitation.*) Could I have merited one ^{word} breath of ^{thy} reproaches, *Cora*, I ^{were a} ^{indeed} should be the wretch—I think I was not formed to, *be*. *But Cora*—^{then to convince her she has wronged me!} Her safety must be my present purpose—*[Exit. S.]*

Couch on Centre. SCENE III.

Pizarro's Tent.

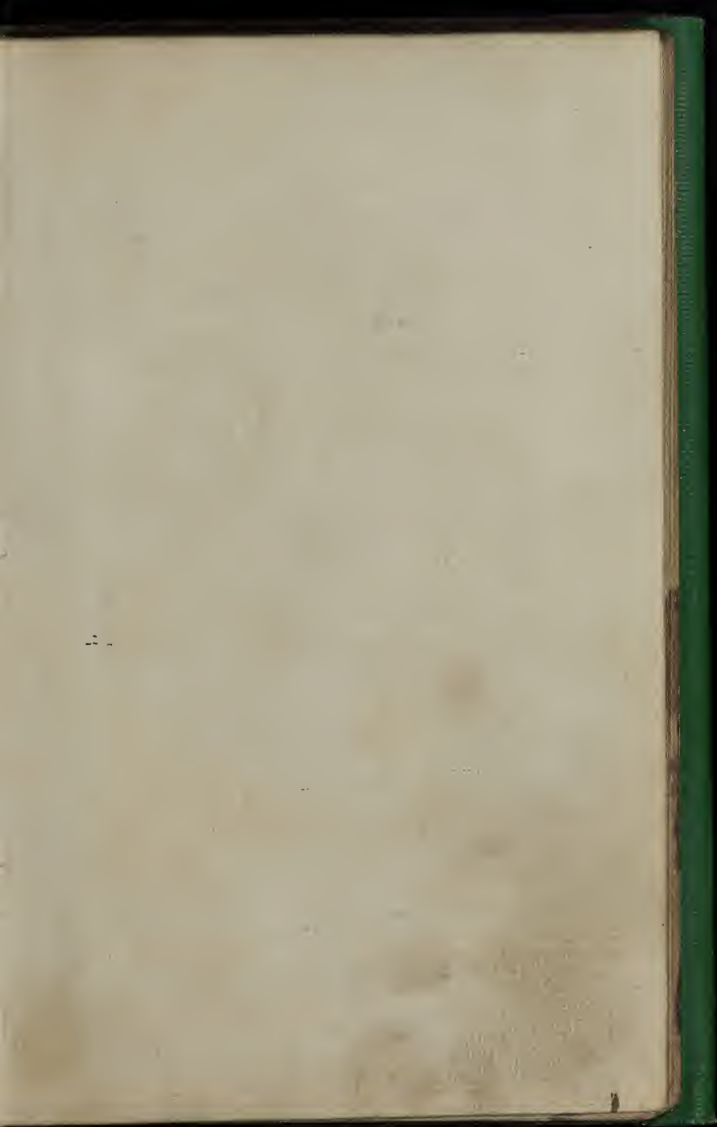
R. PIZARRO, traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.

Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true.—Yet ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

R. Enter ELVIRA.

Who's there ? who dares intrude ? Why does my guard neglect their duty ?

Elv. Your guard did what they could—but they



3

R — { Alonzo — Charno
Pablo
Bernal
Sancho
6 Soldiers

they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it you desire?

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune.
~~Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thy-~~
~~self.~~

Piz. Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accurs'd Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

Elv. No!—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and fullen as the awful pause that precedes Nature's convulsion: yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman! Elvira!—Why had not all my men hearts like thine?

Elv. Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito. *But I am come, Pizarro,*

Piz. Oh! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther: not now his courage, but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your prisoner.

Piz. How! *Woman, no!*

Elv. 'Tis certain; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for the news!—Alonzo in my power!—then I am the conqueror—the victory is MINE!

Elv. Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour, and whose genius, awe Pizarro; whose misfortunes
are

~~are Pizarro's triumph; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.~~

H. Sancho, Bernal & Pablo

Piz. Guard!—*(Enter Guard.)*—Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo!—Quick bring the traitor here.

[Exit Guard. R.]

Elv. What shall be his fate? *San. Bern. & Pablo*

Piz. Death! death! in lingering torments! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. Shame on thee! *[Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?]*

Piz. Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

Elv. Follow then thy will: but mark me; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

Piz. Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

Elv. His fate!—nothing!—thy glory, every thing!—Think'st thou I could love thee stript of fame, of honour, and a just renown?—Know me better.

Piz. Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.

R- (Alonzo is brought in, in chains, guarded. Elvira

observes him with attention and admiration.)—Wel-

come Alonzo.

come, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Al. Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is here. *(Putting his hand to his heart.)*

Piz.

6 Soldiers

Subts. Bernal, Sancho

Alonso . . . Pizarro . . . Rivera

R

m

L.

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded too, I hear; aye, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty; of all his mother's faith.

Al. The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

Piz. Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro—no!

Piz. Hence—or dread my anger.

Elv. I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Al. Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! Thou a renegado from thy monarch and thy God!

Al. 'Tis false.

Piz. Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions—and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Al. No! Deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, THEY deserted ME. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my
country,

country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were Justice, Faith, and Mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot—I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

Al. Where are my Judges?

Piz. Thou wouldst appeal to the war council?

Al. If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes; if not, I appeal to Heaven!

Piz. And to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason?

Elv. The folly of Las-Casas!—Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom!—O! would I might have lived as will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas!

Al. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, *is my work!*

Next I should tell how hurtful customs, and superstitious strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents; and then would I point out to him where now, in clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, while through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest—this too is mine!—And prouder yet—

yet---at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would shew him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God! ~~this too I could tell him is Alonzo's work!~~---Then would Las-Cafas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once *this* world's best proof, that I had acted rightly *here*, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward *hereafter*.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee---like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope, is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

Elv. Hold!---Pizarro---hear me!--If not always *justly*, at least act always *greatly*. Name not thy country's wrongs 'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so---and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it---profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

Piz. Officious advocate for treason—peace!
—Bear him hence—he knows his sentence. *Exit Piz. C.*

Al. ~~Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful~~
~~for it--~~ To me thy haste is mercy. For thee,
sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my
parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper
sphere. Wert thou among yon *savages*, as they
are called, thou'dst find companions more con-
genial to thy heart.

Piz. Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy
death to Cora.

Al. Inhuman man! that pang at least might
have been spared me; but thy malice shall not
shake my constancy. I go to death---many
shall bless, and none will curse my memory.
Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro.

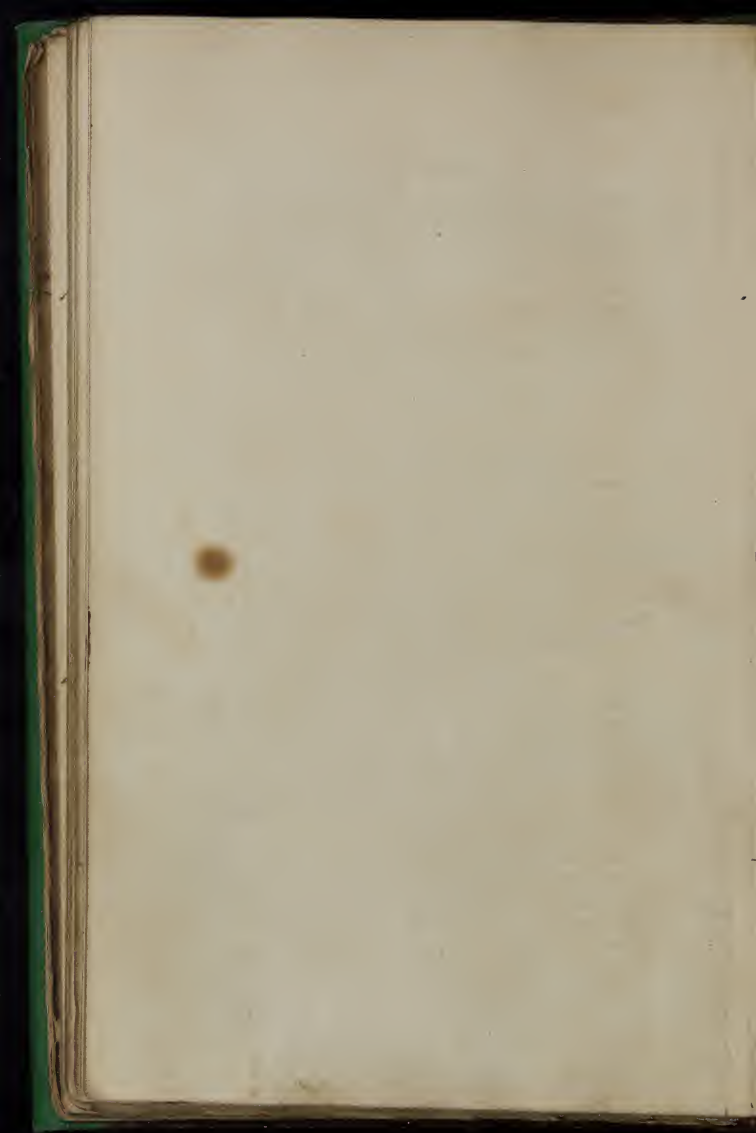
[*Exit, guarded. R.*]

Elv. Now by the indignant scorn that burns
upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened
at the meanness of thy vengeance. *+*

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at?
He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. He is in your power, and therefore is no
more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee
virtue---I ask not from thee nobleness of mind---
I require only just dealing to the same thou hast
acquired; be not the assassin of thine own
reputon. ~~How often have you sworn that the~~
~~sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high~~
~~report had won you from subdued Elvira, was~~
~~the proudest triumph of your fame!~~ Thou
knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common
mould---not formed for tame sequestered love---
content 'mid household cares to prattle to an
idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an
obscure lover's kindness--no! my heart was
framed

guarded by Pablo, Bernal, Sancho & 6 Soldiers 1st



A TRAGIC PLAY.

45

glamed to look up with awe and homage to the
object it adored; my ears to own no music but
the thrilling records of his praise; my lips to
scorn all babbling but the tales of his achieve-
ments; my brain to turn giddy with delight,
reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's
and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to
throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of
acclamation which announced the coming of my
hero; my whole soul to love him with devotion!
with enthusiasm! to see no other object---to own
no other tie---but to make HIM my WORLD!
Thus to love is at least no common weakness.
---Pizarro!---was not such my love for thee?

Piz. It was, Elvira!

Elv. Then do not make me hateful to myself,
by tearing off the mask at once—~~having the~~
~~hideous imposture that has undone me!~~—Do
not an act which, howe'er thy present power
may gloss it to the world, will make thee hate-
ful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by
posterity. *Posterity!*

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds,
thinkst thou my mouldering bones would rattle
then with transport in my tomb?—This is re-
nown for visionary Boys to dream of—I under-
stand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my
living estimation—o'erbear with popular support
the envy of my foes—advance my purposes, and
aid my power. *X B 10*

Elv. Each word thou speakest—each moment
that I hear thee—dispels the fatal mist through
which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty
name, but little soul, I see thou wert not born
to feel what genuine fame and glory are—go!
~~prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the~~
bright

bright circle of a deathless name—go! pressed to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample, to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so: who seeks alone for living homage, stands a mean canvasser in her temple's porch, wooing promiscuously from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever shall his worship'd image, fix'd above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

R.

Act

Piz. Elvira, leave me.

Elv. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wondrous interest for a stranger!—Take back thy reproach. ~~X R~~

Elv. No, Pizarro; as yet I am not lost to you—one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you—do not for thine own sake, tear it asunder—shed not Alonzo's blood!

Piz. My resolution's fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk in rushing to thy arms to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful—

dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle—in war the soldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first—I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo.

Piz. No more!—Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

Elv. Alonzo then at morn will die?

Piz. Think'st thou yon sun will set?—As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. Then be it done—the string is crack'd—
—sundered for ever.^{x^R} ~~But mark me—then hast~~
~~heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my re-~~
~~solution, howe'er offended—but mark me now~~
—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing re-
venge with rancorous mockery, can insult a
fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge
of love: the ^{hand} ~~arm~~ which, unshaken by its bloody
purpose, shall assign to needless torture the
victim who avows his heart, ^{no, never} ~~never~~ more shall
press the hand of faith!—Pizarro, scorn not my
words—beware you slight them not!—I feel how
noble are the motives which now animate my
thoughts—who could not feel as I do, I condemn
—who, feeling so, yet would not act as I shall, I
despise! ~~X^L~~

Piz. (*After a pause, looking at her with an affected smile of contempt.*) I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which
inspire

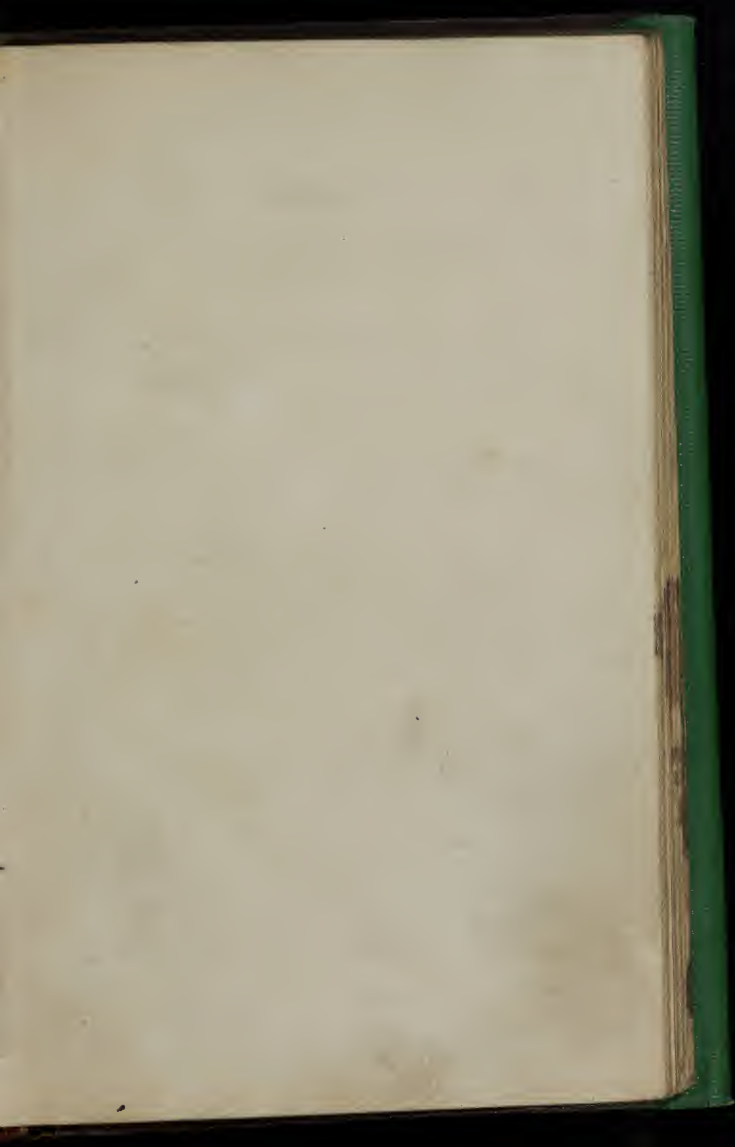
inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause!—
Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the
youth Alonzo!—He dies at sun-rise! *R* [*Exit.*]

Elv. 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled
—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of in-
nocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit
I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. *Fall,*
fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the
last these eyes shall ever shed. *How* a woman
can love Pizarro, thou hast known too well—
how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes,
thou undaunted! Thou, whom ~~yet~~ ^{no mortal}
hazard ^{has} appalled! Thou, who on Panama's
brow didst make alliance with the raving ele-
ments, that tore the silence of that horrid night
—when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the
crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the
trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the
red volcano's mouth! Thou, who when battling
on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to
splinters, wast seen—as thou didst bestride a
fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy
glittering sword above thy head—as thou would'st
defy the world in that extremity!—Come,
fearless man—now meet the last and fellest peril
of thy life—meet! and survive—an injured wo-
man's fury, if thou canst. *R* [*Exit.*]

35 *minutes*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT



1

July - 1 } Alonzo - chains - Again.
2 } Continet

2nd E.S. - Rolla - Virginia - 3rd
} Case of Jewels
} Wedge of Gold

ACT IV.

*Lamps down.**Side lights off.*

SCENE I.

A Dungeon in the ^aRock, near the Spanish Camp.
 R *ALONZO in Chains.—A Centinel walking near* *disc.*
the Entrance. L 1

Alonzo. **F**OR the last time, I have beheld the shadow'd ocean close upon the light.—For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars.—For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops.—Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall, which—No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run, by the mean reck'ning of the hours and days, which thou hast breath'd: ~~A~~ life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds—not years—Then wouldst thou murmur not—but bless the Providence, which in so short a span, made ~~THEE~~ the instrument of wide and spreading blessings, to the helpless and oppress'd!—Though sinking in decrepit age—~~HE~~ prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man: They ~~only~~ have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

H

~~Enter~~*Revs. lamps a little**Turn on lights*

~~Enter a Soldier~~ ~~shows the Centinel a Passport, who~~
~~withdraws.~~

Alonzo. What bear you there?

Sol. These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

Al. By whom order'd?

Sol. By the lady Elvira; she will be here herself before the dawn.

Al. Bear back to her my humblest thanks; and take thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo.—Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you.

[*Exit.*

Al. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt requires forgiveness.—(*Looking out.*) Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the East.—If so, my life is but one hour more.—I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child!—Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless. (*Enters the Governor.*) *R.*

Gen. Who's there? answer quickly! who's there?

L. Without.

Rol. A Friar, come to visit your prisoner.

Act. I. 2. 5.—ROLLA enters, disguised as a Monk. Friar.

Rol. Inform me, friend—Is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Gen. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Gen.

Cen. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Cen. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Cen. He dies at sun-rise.

Rol. Ha!—then I am come in time.

Cen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. ^{Hear me} ~~Soldier~~—I must speak with him.

Cen. Back,—back.—It is impossible!—

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment!

Cen. You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Cen. He brought a pals, ^{from the castle} ~~which~~ we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems.—In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine.—Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Cen. Away!—wouldst thou corrupt me?—
Me!—an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier!—hast thou a wife?

Cen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Cen. Four—honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Cen. In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children ^{wife and} ~~and thy wife?~~

Cen. Do I love them! ^{Heaven} ~~God~~ knows my heart,—
I do.

Rol. Soldier!—imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land—What would be thy last request?

Cen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh! but if that comrade ^{was} ~~should~~ ^{were} ~~be~~ told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sun rise,—yet thou shalt ^{not} ~~not~~ for a moment see him—nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children ^{and} ~~or~~ his wretched wife,—what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Cen. How!

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child—^{and} I am come but to receive for *her*, and for her *babe*, the last blessing of my friend.

Cen. Go in.—(*Retires.*) *Thro the gate S.H.*

Rol. Oh! holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of ~~the forest~~ ^{the desert} wild, or giddy air—around whose parent ^{bind} ~~bottom~~ thou hast not a cord entwined of power to ~~tie~~ ^{bind} them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne—the blood-stain'd vulture cleaves the storm—yet, is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshell'd brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently!—~~Yes—now he is beyond the porch,~~ ^{and bars} ~~bar~~ring the outer gate! Alonzo! ^{friend} Alonzo!—my friend! Ha!—in gentle sleep!—Alonzo—rise! rise! rise!

Al. How!—Is my hour elaps'd?—Well, (*re-enters* ^{turning from the porch,} *Alonzo*) I am ready.

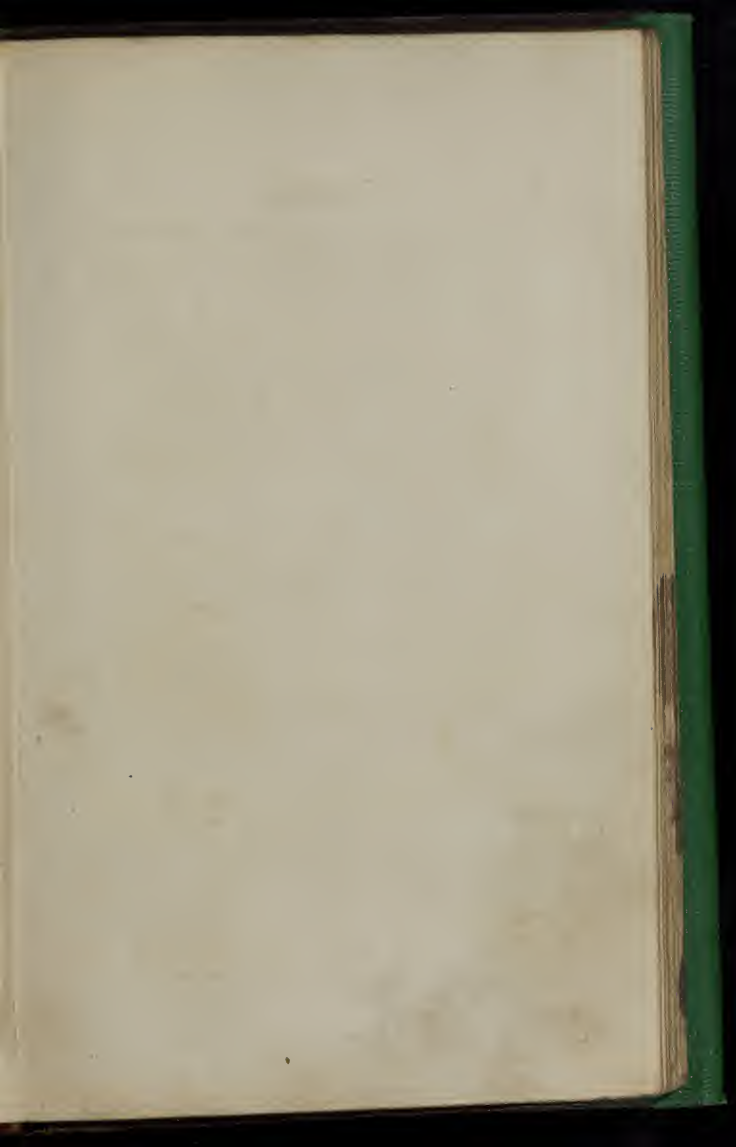
Rol. Alonzo,—know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla!—my friend!—(*Embraces him.*) Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol.



2

Gate. S. Floria — Yagga 2^{ce}

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words;—this disguise I tore from the dead body of a Friar, as I pass'd our field of battle—it has gain'd me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla——

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me!—No!—Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo.—It is ^{thy} life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's—and from ^{this disguise} ~~my prison~~ loon will thy arm deliver me;—or, should it be otherwise—I am as a blighted Plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert—Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter—Thou art a husband, and a father—The being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life—Go!—Go!—Alonzo!—Go—^{and} to save—not thyself—but Cora, and thy child!—

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend—I had prepar'd to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace!—devoting her you've sworn to live for,—to madness, misery, and death!—For, be assured—the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return!

Al. Oh! God! ^{Heaven!} ~~God!~~

Rol. If thou art ^{still} ~~yet~~ irresolute, Alonzo—now heed me well.—I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledg'd his word, and shrunk from ^{his} ~~its~~ the ^{performance} ~~fulfilment~~.—And, by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee,—no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence;—and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph, of seeing Rolla perish by thy side,—with

the assur'd conviction, that Cora, and thy child, are lost for ever. ~~X R~~

Al. Oh! Rolla!—you distract me! ~~X R~~

Rol. A moment's further pause, and all is lost—The dawn approaches—Fear not for me—I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission;—I shall gain time, doubt not—while ~~thou~~ ^{thou}, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, ^{thence} mayst at night return—release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph—Yes—hasten—dear Alonzo!—Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee!—Haste!—~~Haste!~~ ^{Oh}—Haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

Al. Oh! my preserver!—(*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek—Go!—I am rewarded—(*Throws the Friar's garment over Alonzo.*)—There!—conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains—Now—~~God~~ ^{Heaven} be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again.—Then,—so aid me Heaven! I ^{will} return to save—or—perish with thee!

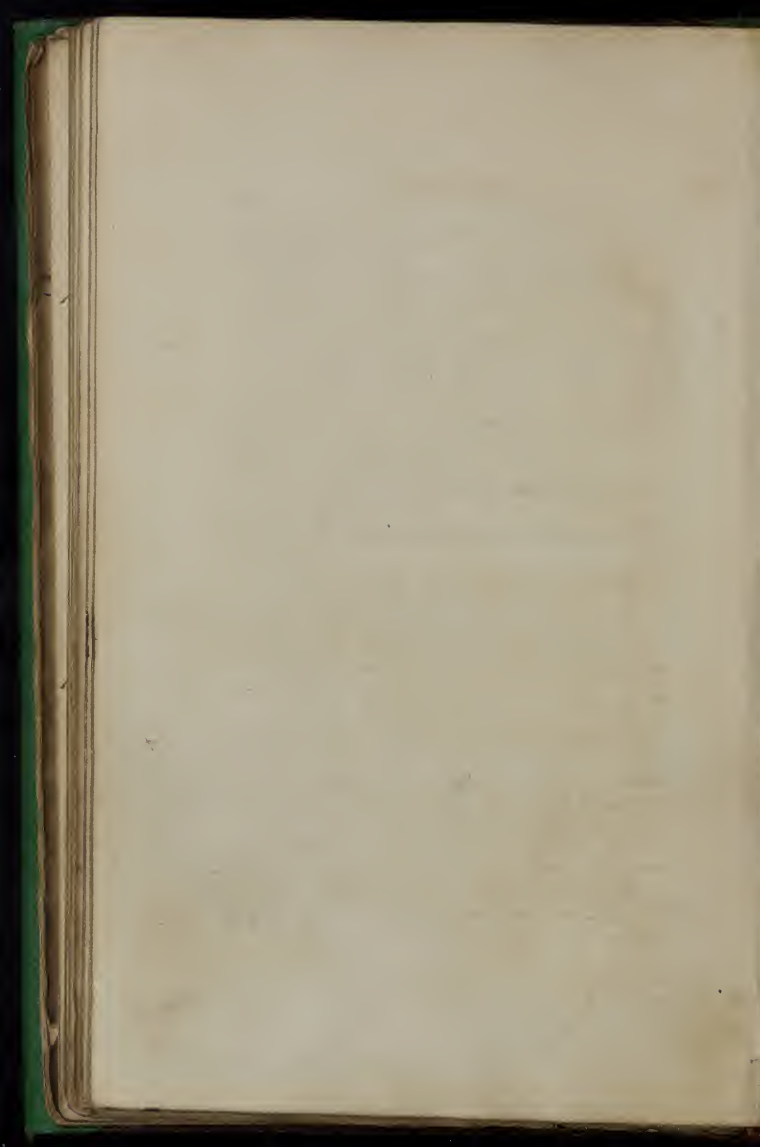
Alonzo—Yes,

[*Exit. L.*]

Rol. (*alone.*) He has pass'd the outer porch—He is fate!—He will soon embrace his wife and child!—Now, ^{now} Cora, didst ^{not} thou not wrong'd me? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man—Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong—Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again—Yes—There! (*lifting his hands to heaven*) assuredly, we shall meet again:—there possels in peace, the joys of everlasting love, and friendship—on earth, imperfect, and embitter'd.—~~I will~~ ^{I will} retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have pass'd their lines. (*Retires into the Woods.*) ^{Alonzo} ~~R~~

*Lamps
up.*

at Sale



Gate. 1—Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. No—not Pizarro's brutal taunts—not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my haras'd bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land—yet, shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom ^{Alonso} his virtues guide, and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth! ^{+ R}

^R *from cavern* ^{advance} Re-Enter ROLLA on L H

Ha!—who art thou?—Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Alonzo's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Rol. Yes—~~And he~~ must not be pursued—Pardon this roughness, (*seizing her hand*)—~~but~~ a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

Elv. What if I call the guard?

Rol. Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if thus I free myself? (*Shews a dagger.*)

Rol. Strike ~~it~~ to my heart—ⁱⁿ Still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cause pursuit.

Rol. At once, I trust thy word—A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? ^R Speak freely—By my order the guard is remov'd beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv.

Elv. The Peruvian Leader? *but now*

Rol. I was so yesterday—~~To-day~~, the Spaniard's captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo, moved thee to this act?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend—^{and} I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Rol. And that is——

Elv. Love?

Rol. True!

Elv. Gallant!—ingenuous Rolla!—Know that my purpose here was thine; ~~and were I to save thy friend—~~ *and were I to rescue thee,*

Rol. How!—a woman blest'd with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Rol. Not so—you are worse and better than we are!

Elv. ~~Were I to save thee,~~ Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance—restore thee to thy native land, —and thy native land to peace—wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good?

Rol. To judge the action, I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Rol. How to be used?

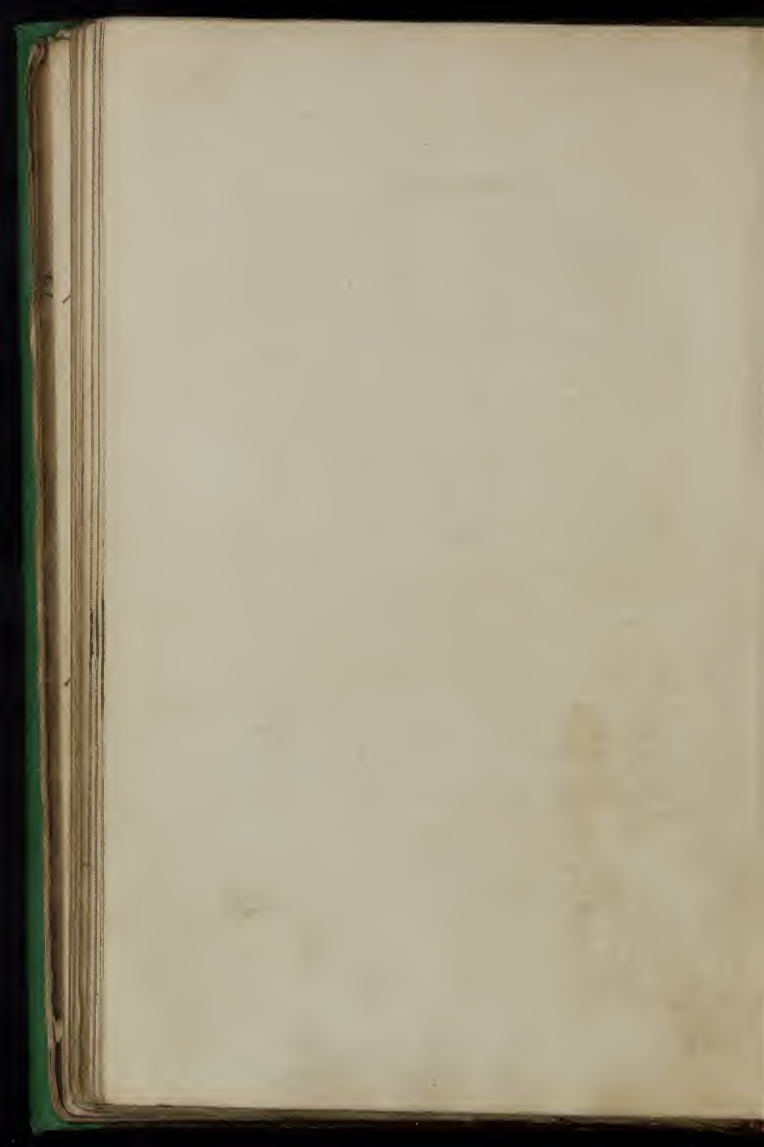
Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps—The scourge of innocence—the terror of thy race—the fiend, that desolates thy afflicted country.

Rol. Have you not been injur'd by Pizarro?

Elv.

3.

Lin^d - Pizarro - without his sword



~~Elv.~~ Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom. *would have me*

Rol. And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

Elv. Would he not have murder'd Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act, as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

Rol. The God of Justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Then, Peruvian! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Rol. Then is ~~thy~~ ^{her} destruction certain, and for Peru ~~thou~~ ^{she} perishest!—Give me the dagger!

Elv. Now, ~~follow me~~ ^{or}—But first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—you must strike down the guard. *What?*

Rol. The soldier who was on duty here?

Elv. Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass?—Take back ~~thy~~ ^{the} dagger.

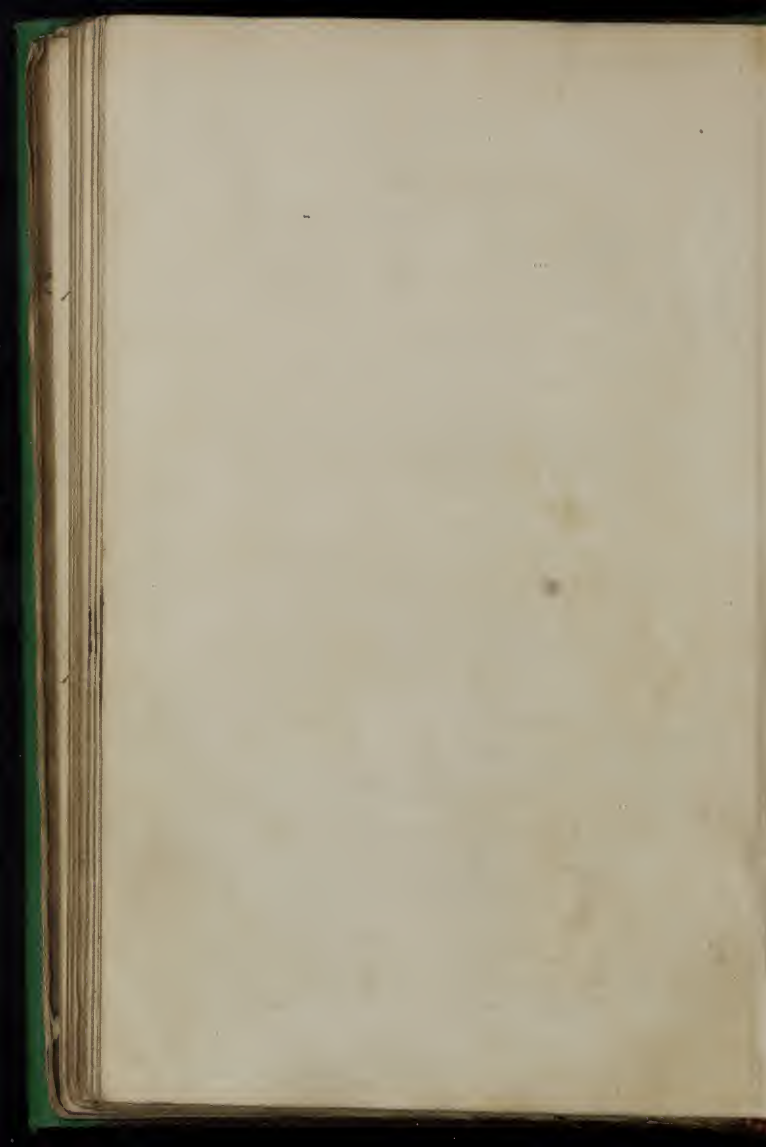
Elv. Rolla!

Rol. That soldier, mark me, is a man.—All are not men that bear the human form. ^{But} He refus'd my prayers—refus'd my gold—denying to admit me—till his own feelings brib'd him.—For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!

Elv. Then ~~he~~ ^{we take him} must with us—I will answer for his safety.

Rol.

— 4 —
L — Eloria
R — Pablo
— { Bernal
 Sancho
 6 Soldiers



A TRAGIC PLAY.

What, ho? 59

~~Elvira must be saved!~~ (*Approaches the Couch.*) Pizarro! awake!—

speaks?
Piz. (*Starts up.*) Who?—Guard!—*your*

Roll. ~~Speak not~~—another word ^{is} ~~thy~~ death—
Call not for aid!—this arm ^{will} ~~be~~ swifter than *your* ~~thy~~ guard.

Piz. Who art thou? and what is thy will?

In me behold thy foe
Roll. ~~I am thine enemy!~~ Peruvian! Rolla!—
Thy death is not my will, ~~or~~ ^{else, as thou seest} I could have slain thee sleeping.

Piz. Speak, what else?

Roll. Now thou art at my mercy—answer me!
Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure ~~thee~~ ^{you}, or any of ~~thy~~ ^{your} nation? Did ~~thou~~ ^{you}, or any of ~~thy~~ ^{your} nation, ever yet shew mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel—and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly!—a Peruvian's vengeance! (*Drops the dagger at his feet.*) There!

Piz. ^{What?} Is it possible! (*Walks aside confounded.*)

Roll. Can Pizarro be surpris'd at this? I thought Forgiveness of Injuries ~~had been~~ ^{was} the Christian's precept—Thou seest, at least, ~~it~~ ^{is} the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla—thou hast indeed surpris'd—subdued me. (*Walks ~~away~~ ^{to} aside as in irresolute thought.*) + to S.H.

Re-enter ELVIRA, (not seeing Pizarro.)

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead? (*Sees Pizarro.*)
How!—still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more!—
Oh! Rolla! treacherous, or cowardly?—

Piz. How can it be, that—

Roll. Away! Elvira speaks she knows not what!
Leave me—(*to Elvira*)—I conjure you, with Pizarro,

Elv. How!—Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract—

tract—or that, ^{me} I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I plac'd a ^{me}poignard to be plunged into that tyrant's heart? No:—my sole regret is, that I trust-
ed to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself.—Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race! ~~XL~~

Piz. Guard! quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

^{XR}
Elv. Yes, a guard! I call them too! And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. ~~But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment!—Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injur'd heart, prompted me to this design—No! Had I been only influenced so—thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down! But though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall ^{loudly} speak the ~~proud~~ avowal of my purpose—to have rescued millions of innocents from the bloodthirsty tyranny of one—by ridding the insulted world of~~
THEE.

Rolla. Had the act been noble as the motive—Rolla would not have shrunk from ~~his~~ performance.

Officers &
R— Enter Guards, Jan. Ber. Sable & Soldiers

Piz. Seize this discover'd fiend, who sought to kill your Leader. \wedge

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls;—I am your prisoner, and will follow you. ~~But~~ thou, ~~their~~ triumphant Leader, ^{me} shalt bear me. ~~Yet,~~ ~~first~~—For thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness: even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admir'd thee for it—But 'twas myself provok'd

1835

A The Officers advance towards her
† They retire a little A.

A Officers advance towards Elvira.

provok'd my doom—Thou wouldst have shielded me.—Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts, by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, ~~he practis'd upon those in whom I most confided—~~ *in* till my distemper'd fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt—

Piz. Why am I not obey'd?—Tear her hence!

Elv. 'Tis past—but didst thou know my story, *Reina*, thou wouldst pity me.

Rol. From my soul I do pity thee!

Piz. Villains! drag her to the dungeon!—prepare the torture instantly. *Λ*

Elv. Soldiers—but a moment more—'Tis to applaud your General—It is to tell the astonished world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice: Yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agoniz'd the human frame; it will be justice. Yes—bid the minions of thy fury—wrench forth the sinews of ^{these} ~~those~~ arms that have caress'd, and—even have defended thee! *Just this*

Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft—oh, God!—have hung with love and homage on thy looks—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonour'd bosom, which was once thy pillow!—Yes, will I bear it all; for it will be justice, all! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek.

one or groan—but to the last gasp, my body's patience shall

shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power. ~~XL~~

XR

Piz. (~~Endeavouring to conceal his agitation.~~)
Hear'st thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Rol. Yes! And if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her: if true, thy barbarity cannot make *her* suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on *thee*.

R.

Elv. And now, farewell, world!—Rolla, farewell!—Farewell, ~~thou~~ condemned of Heaven!

Act.

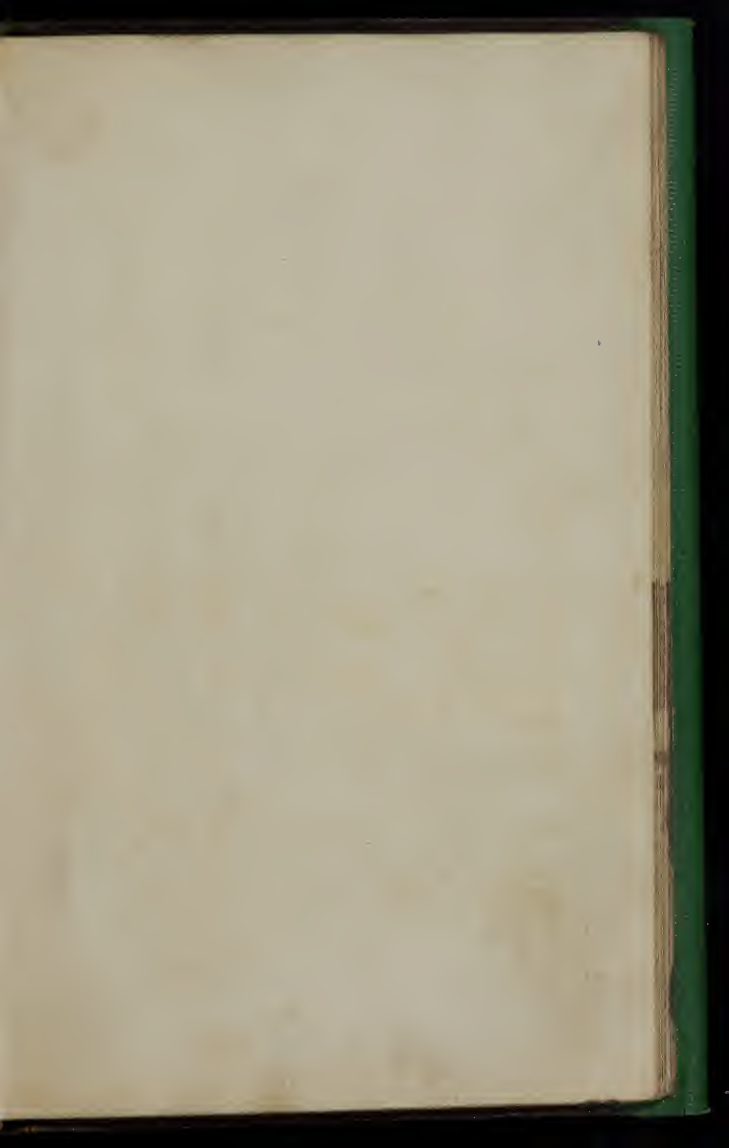
(*to Pizarro*;)—for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart. ^{3rd} We shall meet again.—Ha! be it thy horror here, to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches—^{did thy conscience} hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat ^{shall} strike to thy despairing soul. Then, will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloister'd faint from whom you stole me. Then, the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murder'd brother—murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sister's ruin'd honour.—I hear them now! To me, the recollection's madness!—At such an hour,—what will it be to thee?

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives—

Elv. I have spoken—and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past.—And now, with an undaunted spirit, and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not *live* nobly, has been PIZARRO'S ACT. That I will *die* nobly, shall be my own.

(*Exit, guarded.* *R. by sol. &c.*)

Piz. Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant



A Exeunt Holla L
Pizarro R

valiant and renown'd, shouldst credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—
—O! a wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard—I have succeeded;—I remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled!—Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. ^{happily} ~~Dismiss~~ such passions from thy heart; then ~~thus~~ thou'lt consult its peace.

Piz. ^{little} I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then, Pizarro, ~~ask~~ not to be deem'd a hero—To triumph o'er ourselves, is the only conquest, where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow—but in a contest with yourself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

Piz. Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful, or ungenerous—Return to your countrymen—You are at liberty. — *Rolla,*

Rol. ~~Thou dost act in this, as honour, and as duty, bid thee.~~

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, *Rolla*; I would we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell. — Pity Elvira! — Become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit.*]

Piz. Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have followed? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy, my love, the dupe of treachery, my glory, eclips'd

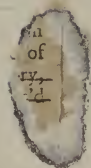
40 minutes End of Act 5th

PIZARRO:

eclips'd by the boy I taught—my revenge, defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe—before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued! I would I could retrace my steps—I cannot—Would I could evade my own reflections!—No!—thought and memory are my Hell.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



1

Line d { Coro — de Verl.
 { Chisel

L — { Wlono
 { ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

L { Gomez
 { Pedro

ACT V.

*Thunder. Lightning.**Lamps down*

SCENE I.

(21. L.)

A thick Forest—In the back ground, a Hut almost covered by Boughs of Trees—A dreadful Storm, with Thunder, and Lightning.—CORA has covered her Child on a Bed of Leaves and Moss.—Her whole appearance is wild and distracted.

R. 18.

Cora. **O** NATURE! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march; my wearied, shivering frame, sinks under it. And, for thee, my boy—when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! O my child! were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side—but down—down for ever! *(Thunder and lightning.)* I ask thee not, un pitying storm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub. Though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds.

SONG.

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou Tempest dire;
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave:
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to ALONZO's grave!

O'er his pale corse then while thy lightnings glare,
I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy;
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never!—

Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
 Oh! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;
 He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild,
 Oh! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,
 Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,
 Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
 Thy father never!—
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
 Unconscious that eternal night
 Veils his for ever.

Act Begins

++++
(Thunder and lightning.)

1
Thunder & Lightning
 Cora. Still, still, implacable! unfeeling elements! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent! O, death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may—

(While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him, Alonzo's voice is heard at a great distance.)
H. & L.

Al. Cora!

Cora. Hah!!! *(Rises.)*

Al. (Again.) Cora!

Cora. O, my heart! Sweet Heaven deceive me not!—Is it not Alonzo's voice?

Al. (Nearer.) Cora!

Cora. It is—it is Alonzo!

Al. (Nearer still.) Cora! my beloved!—

Cora. Alonzo!—Here!—here!—Alonzo!

[Runs out. H. & L.]

18. L— Pedro & Gomez
Enter two Spanish Soldiers.

By dm. & Sol. I tell you we are near our out-posts, and the word we heard just now was the countersign.

Bank. N. H.

Lamps down.

1

Sied { Cora - a Veil
 { Fernando

n. E. S - Alonzo

S - { Gomez
 { Pedro

~~H. 1 - Los Coors.~~

Raise Lamps gently quite up.

2.

L — { Almagro
Rotta — Chain
~~12 Soldiers~~
Bernal — Gonzalo
Pablo 12 Guards
Pizarro — Sword.
~~Davila~~
~~Gonzalo Pablo~~
Sancho — 2 Spanish Banners
10 Soldiers
L. Davila -

Pizarro and Sol. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discover'd their secret passage through the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us—Pizarro will reward us.

Gonz. ~~Al. Sol.~~ This way—The sun, though clouded, is on our left. (*Perceives the Child.*) What have we here?—A child!—as I'm a soldier.

Pizarro and Sol. 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

Gonz. ~~Al. Sol.~~ It would so—I have one at home shall play with it.—Come along.

[Takes the Child, leaving the Veil on the bank. Exeunt. R.]

L. Re-enter CORA with ALONZO.

Cora. (*Speaking without.*) This way, dear Alonzo. Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot! Now will you look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once?—Yes—yes.—Stand thou there—I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfum'd morn.

2.

[She runs up to the spot, and, finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the Child gone, (sobs) and stands in speechless agony.]

Al. (*Running to her.*) Cora!—my heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Al. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!—my child! my child!

Al. Where did you leave him?

Cora. (*Dashing herself on the spot.*) Here!

Al. Be calm, beloved Cora—he has wak'd and crept—

K 2

— to a little distance —

crept to a little distance—~~we shall find him~~ *Are*
 you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed, and
 shelter for him?—and is not this the veil that co-
 vered him?

Al. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! yes, yes! there lives the savage that
 has robb'd me of my child—*(Beats at the door ex-
 claiming)* Give me back my child—restore to me
 my boy!

Enter LAS-CASAS from the Hut. L. H.
Cora rushes into it.

Las-C. Who calls me from my wretched soli-
 tude?

~~*Cora.* Give me back my child! *(Goes into the
 Hut, and calls)* Fernando!~~

Al. Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me!
Las-Casas!!!

Las-C. Alonzo,—my belov'd young friend!

Al. My rever'd instructor! *(Embracing.)*

Cora. *(Returned.)* Will you embrace this man
 before he restores my boy? *(Advancing between them.)*

~~*Al.* Alas, my friend—in what a moment of mi-
 sery do we meet!~~

Cora. Yet his look is goodness and humanity.—*Exit Alon*
 Good old man, have compassion on a wretched
 mother—and I will be your servant while I live.—
 But do not, for pity's sake—do not say, you have
 him not—do not say, you have not seen him. *Fernando!*

(Runs into the Wood.) *4. 8. 7.*

Re-enter Alonzo.

Las-C. What can this mean?

Al. She is my wife.—*Just* rescued from the Spa-
 niards' prison, I learn'd she had fled to this wild
 forest. Hearing my voice, she left the child, and
 flew to meet me—he was left sleeping under yon-
 der tree.

Las-

2.

L. { Almagro
Rolla - Chains
Gonzalo
Bernal
12 Spanish Soldiers

* * L. Drums & Trumpets

R. { Pizarro — a sword
Pablo
lancho
2 Standards
10 Spanish Soldiers

* * R. Drums & Trumpets.

L. { Davila
Gomez
Child
Pedro

L. * * Pistols ready

L. * * Blood & ready

A The Soldiers. pass behind + range R.H.

© Short Horvish R.

Alto ~~Las-C.~~ How! did you leave him?—(~~Cora re-~~
~~turns.~~)

Cora. O, you are right!—right!—unnatural mother, that I was—I left my child—I forsook my innocent—but I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him. (*Runs out.*) ~~My~~ *good* ~~Fernando!~~ *my* ~~Fernando!~~

~~Al.~~ Forgive me, ^{good} Las Calas, I must follow her: *Ext. Cora* ~~for at night, I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.~~ *R*

~~Las-C.~~ I will not leave thee ^{my} Alonzo—you must *Ext. 20*
try to lead her to the right—that way lies your
~~camp. Wait not my infirm steps,—I follow thee,~~
~~my friend.~~ [*Exeunt. R.*]

SCENE II.

= Lamp/s up
The Out-post of the Spanish Camp.—The back ground
wild and rocky, with a Torrent falling down the
Precipice, over which a Bridge is formed by a fell'd
Tree.

L ~~Enter Alonzo~~ *xx* [Trumpets sound without.] *xx*

L—Almagro. (*Without.*) Bear him along—his story
must be false. (*Entering.*)

L—ROLLA (*in Chains*) brought in by Soldiers. *R*
Gonzalo, Bernal & 12 Soldiers, who go with Bernal

Rol. False!—^{Oh! that} Rolla utter falsehood! I would
I had thee in a desert with thy ^{whole} troop around thee;
—and I, but with my sword in this unshackled
hand!—(*Trumpets without.*) *++++* *o*

Alm. Is it to be credited that Rolla, the re-
nown'd Peruvian hero should be detected like a
spy, skulking through our camp?

Rol. Skulking!

Alm. But answer to the General—he is here.

with a drawn sword
~~R.~~ Enter PIZARRO, *Table, anchor to Soldier*
Two Banners. They range

Piz. What do I see! Rolla!

Rol. O! To thy surprise no doubt.

Piz. And bound too!

Rol. ^{and} So fast, thou need'st not fear approaching me.

~~Gomez Alm.~~ The guards surpris'd him, passing our out-post.

Piz. Release him instantly.—Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. ^{you will} You feel then as you ought.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarm'd—Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's. *(Gives a sword.)* The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

Rol. And the Peruvian ~~how~~ to forget offence.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes? *yes*

Rol. When the sea divides us; yes!—May I now depart?

Piz. Freely.

Rol. And shall I not again be intercepted?

Piz. No!—let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

~~Pedro Gomez~~
~~L.~~ Enter DAVILLA, *and Soldiers*, with the Child.

~~Pedro Gomez~~
 Dav. Here are two soldiers, captured yesterday, who have escap'd from the Peruvian hold,—and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover. *(Enter Gomez, Child & Pedro.)*

Piz. Silence,—imprudent!—Seest thou not—? *(Pointing to Rolla.)*

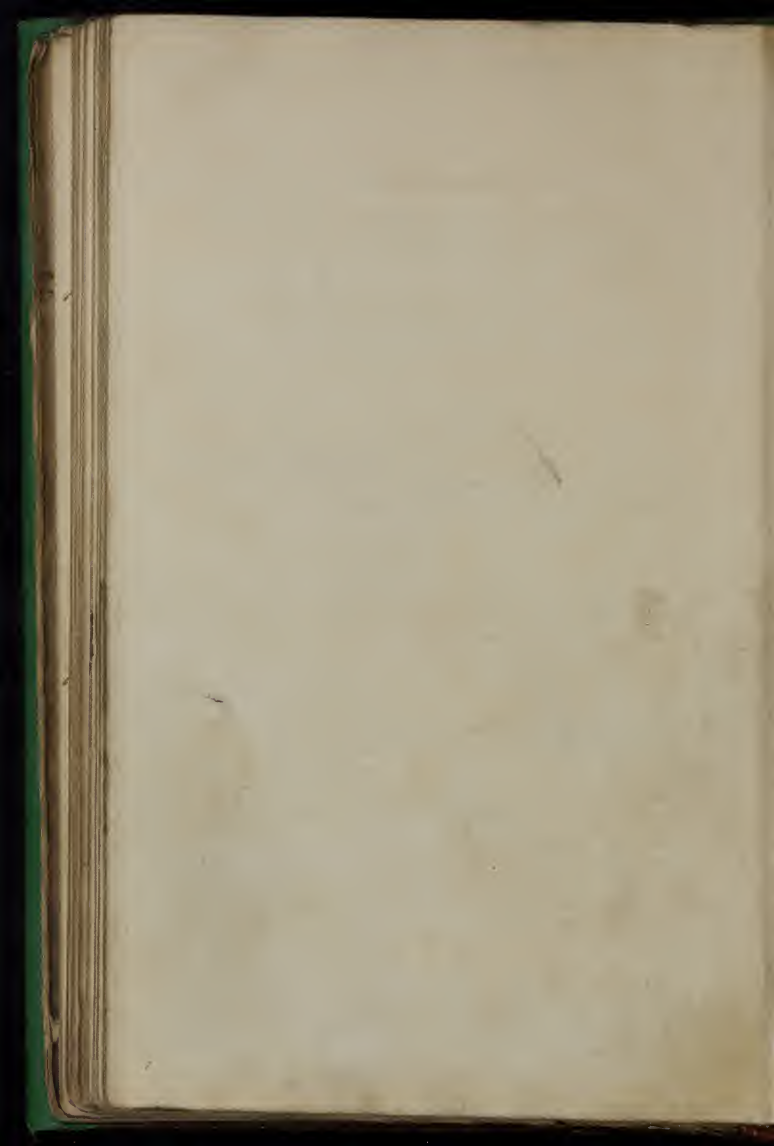
Dav. In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems—

(Takes the Child from Gomez)
Gomez and Pedro join the troops. R.

11 Spanish Soldiers
11 Spanish Soldiers
Gonzalazo. Bernat. Pacho

at Umagro & behind to Pizarro's R.
Gonzalo at Rotta's L. takes off his chains, which he
flings away, & x behind to the Troops R.

Pedro Gomez pass over to the other Officers



Piz. What is the imp to me?—Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious heavens! it is Alonzo's child!—give it to me. *[Davi-la snatches the child to his R. Officers &'*

Piz. Ha! Alonzo's child!—Welcome, thou *{rush forward, Rolla &'* pretty hostage.—Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

Piz. Will I not!—What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight—think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I ^{cannot} do not understand you ^{thee}.

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo!—and this pledge may help to settle the account. *O, can'st*

Rol. Man! Man!—Art thou a man?—*Couldst* thou hurt that innocent?—By Heaven! it's smiling in thy face.

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

Rol. Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire.—*O, should'st thou* If thou ~~do~~ ^{not} harm that child—think not his blood will sink into the barren sand—No!—faithful to the eager hope that ^{now in me} ~~now~~ trembles in this indignant heart—'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on its accurs'd destroyer's head.

Piz. Be that peril mine. *Pizarro,*

Rol. *(Throwing himself at his feet.)* Behold me at thy feet—Me, Rolla!—Me, the preserver of thy life!—Me, ^{who never bow'd nor bent} ~~that have never yet bent or bow'd~~ before created man!—In humble agony I sue to thee you—prostrate I implore ^{thee} ~~you~~—but spare that child, and I will be ^{thy} ~~your~~ slave. *[Davi-toke's n's the child]*

Piz.

thou Piz. Rolla! still art ~~then~~ free to go ^{but}—this boy remains with me.

Rob. ^{Had} Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine! (*Seizes the Child.*)—Who ^{dares to} moves one step to follow ~~me~~, dies upon the spot. ~~£~~

[*Exit, with the Child.* £.]

Piz. Pursue him instantly—but spare his life. ~~£~~
[*Exeunt Almagro, and Soldiers.*] With what fury ~~£~~
he defends himself!—Ha!—he fells them to the *flourish*
ground—and now— £

£ Enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and if he once gains the thicket— £.

Piz. Spare him no longer. [*Exit Almagro.*] Their guns must reach him—he'll yet escape—holloa to those horse—the Peruvian sees them—and now he turns among the rocks—then is his retreat cut off. ~~£~~ *Pistol twice £.*

(Rolla crosses the wooden bridge over the cataract, pursued by the Soldiers—They fire at him—he is shot strikes him—Pizarro exclaims—)

Piz. Now! quick! quick! seize the child!—
(*Rolla tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the back ground, bearing off the Child.*)

£ Drums and Trumpets / Long
£ Re-enter ALMAGRO. and Davila

Alm. By Hell! he has escaped!—and with the child unhurt.

Dav. No—he bears his death with him—Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. But the child is sav'd—Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of disappointed vengeance!

Alm.

3.

k { Uta lita
Cora
Alonso

all the rest

L { ~~Bella~~ Child
Huscah
Harin
Capal
Orano
Rima - Rainbow
Peruvian Soldiers

all the rest

4
B Elvira — Sword

R & L } High Priest
U. E. } Priests,
 } Virgins
 } End Last Scene

R & L
A very long sound of Trumpets & Drums
to give Rolla time to get ready.

Alm. Away with the revenge of words—let us to deeds—Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which through the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the strong hold, where are lodg'd their women, and their treasures.

Piz. Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought draw forth a daring and a chosen band—I will not wait for numbers.—Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

Alm. He is—and one request alone she—

Piz. I'll hear of none.

Daw Alm. The boon is small—'tis but for the novice habit, which you first beheld her in—she wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings, which remind her of her shame.

Piz. Well, ^{but as thou wilt} ~~do as thou wilt~~—but tell Valverde, that at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

Alm. & Daw. Pizarro. R.

162

SCENE III.
a Landscape
Ataliba's Tent.

R- Enter ATALIBA, followed by CORA and ALONZO.

Cora. Oh! Avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her King, is the wretched mother to address her griefs?—The Gods refuse to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for you?—And will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

Alon. Oh! my suffering love—my poor heart-broken Cora!—you but wound our Sovereign's feeling soul, and not relieve thy own.

Cora. Is he our Sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

L

Ata.

Ata. When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a King—when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

*Husiah
Husiah
Capal
Orano*

L. H. (*Voices behind.*) Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

L. Enter ROLLA, bleeding, with the Child, followed by *Husiah*
Peruvian Soldiers. Haun and Capal. Nina.

Rol. Thy child! (*Gives the Child into Cora's arms, and falls.*)

Cora. Oh God!—there's blood upon him!

Rol. 'Tis my blood, Cora!

Alon. Rolla, thou diest!

Rol. For thee, and Cora.—(*Dies.*)

L. Enter ORANO, *Nina, Peruvian Soldiers*

Orano. Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

Alon. Lose not a moment!—Swords be quick!

—Your wives and children cry to you—Bear our

x. L. lov'd hero's body in the van—'Twill raise the

fury of our men to madness—Now, fell Pizarro!

the death of one of us is near!—Away! Be the

word of attack, Revenge and Rolla!

[Exeunt. L. & X.]
(CHARGE.)

SCENE IV.

Charge

A romantic part of the Recess among the Rocks—

(Alarms.) Women are seen flying, pursued by the

Spanish Soldiers. The Peruvian Soldiers drive the

Spaniards back from the Field. The Fight is con-

tinued on the Heights.

Gonsalvus, Pedro, Sancho, Bern. Sal.

R. H. & Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and

22 Spanish Soldiers with two banners

Piz. Well!—if surrounded, we must perish in the

Peruvians Budget & Ready

* L. Exeunt

Alonso

Ataliba

Cora and Child

4 Peruvians, bearing Rotta

Rima

Orano and Huscak

Huin and Capal

Peruvians, two and two

N.B. Lower the banners.

S. Trumpets & Muffled Drums play a Dead
March - while the Peruvians bear off Rotta

Barren

Barren

R.

L.

See Kolla on Paper

the centre of them—Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

Huscah, Huscah, Softly
 S. 11. E— Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and Peruvians.

(R.M. 73)

Alon. Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

Piz. Thou know'st the advantage of thy numbers.—Thou dar'st not singly face Pizarro.

Alon. Peruvians, stir not a man!—Be this contest only ours.

Piz. Spaniards!—observe ye the same.

lose his sword and (Charge.)
 [They fight. Alonzo's shield is broken, and he is beat down.]

Piz. Now, traitor, to thy heart!

At this moment ELVIRA enters, habited as when Pizarro first beheld her.—Pizarro, appalled, she staggers back. Alonzo renews the fight, and slays Pizarro (Loud shouts from the Peruvians.)

*Housick
 R. L.*

S— ATALIBA enters, and embraces ALONZO.

~~Alon. My brave Alonzo!~~

Alm. Alonzo, we submit.—Spare us! we will embark, and leave the coast.

Val. Elvira will confess I sav'd her life; she has sav'd thine.

~~Alon. Fear not. You are safe. (Spaniards lay down their arms.)~~

Elv. Valverde speaks the truth;—nor could he think to meet me here.—An awful impulse which my soul could not resist, impell'd me hither.

Alon. Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee! If amid this grateful nation thou wouldst remain—

Elv. Alonzo, no!—the destination of my future life is fix'd. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which however mark'd by shallow cheerfulnets, have long consumed my secret heart. When, by my sufferings purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the Throne of Mercy in behalf of others,—for thee, Alonzo—for thy Cora, and thy child,—for thee, thou virtuous Monarch, and the innocent race you reign over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of Nature.—Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity—avoid the foul examples thou hast view'd—Spaniards returning to your native home, assure your rulers, they mistake the road to glory, or to power.—Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.—*(Casts a look of agony on the dead body of Pizarro as she passes, and exit.)* R. O

++++ (Flourish of Trumpets.)

R—*(Valverde, Almagro, and Spanish Soldiers, exeunt, bearing off Pizarro's Body. On a signal from Alonzo, flourish of Music.)*

in { *Alon.* Ataliba I think not I wish to check the voice of triumph when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our lov'd Rolla's memory. *Peruvian*

W { *A solemn March—Procession of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing Rolla's Body on a Bier, surrounded by Military Trophies. The Priests and Priestesses attending chaunt a Dirge over the Bier.—Alonzo and Cora kneel on either side of it, and kiss Rolla's hands in silent agony.—In the looks of the King, and of all present, the triumph of the day is lost, in mourning for the fallen Hero.*

25/m

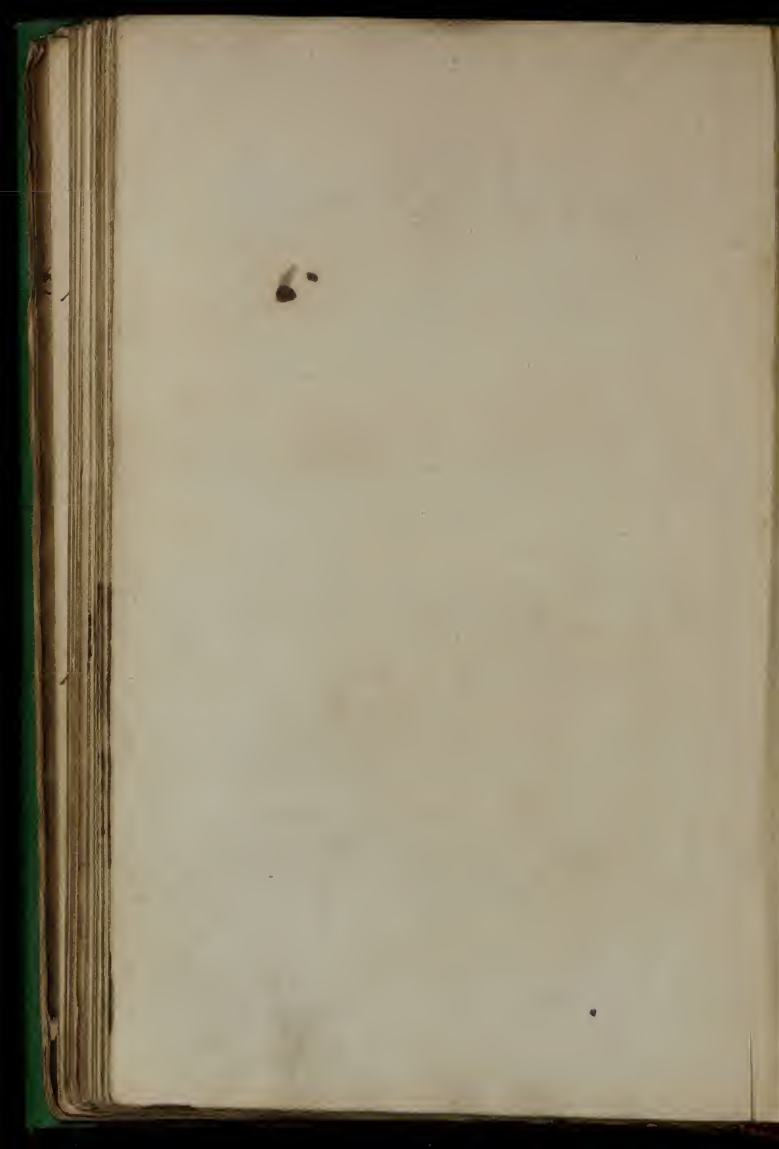
3 Hours - 10 min. to (The Curtain slowly descends.)

© Exerunt L. - Italica
 { Alonso
 { Cora
 { & the Peruvians

Change to the last scene

5 Banners Covered with Gar-
 Al-
 Cora
 Child Bur

3 Hours & 5 minutes



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

ERE yet Suspence has still'd its throbbing fear,
Or Melancholy wip'd the grateful tear,
While e'en the miseries of a sinking State,
A Monarch's danger, and a Nation's fate,
Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,
Lost in a trembling Mother's nearer woe ;
What moral lay shall Poetry rehearse,
Or how shall Elocution pour the verse
So sweetly, that its music shall repay
The lov'd illusion, which it drives away ?
Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harsh to you,
To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,
To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought,
To scare Reflection, which, in absent dreams,
Still lingers musing on the recent themes ;
Attention, ere with contemplation tir'd,
To turn from all that pleas'd, from all that fir'd ;
To weaken lessons strongly now imprest,
And chill the interest glowing in the breast—
Mine is the task ; and be it mine to spare
The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to share ;
Let me with no unhallow'd jest deride
The sigh, that sweet Compassion owns with pride—
The sigh of Comfort, to Affliction dear,
That Kindness heaves, and Virtue loves to hear.
E'en gay THALIA will not now refuse
This gentle homage to her Sister-Muse.
O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain,
With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,
Who erst have felt the *Stranger's* lone despair,
And *Haller's* settled, sad, remorseful care,

Does

Does *Rolla's* pure affection less excite
 The inexpressive anguish of delight ?
 Do *Cora's* fears, which beat without control,
 With less solicitude engross the soul ?
 Ah, no ! your minds with kindred zeal approve
 Maternal feeling, and heroic love.
 You must approve : where Man exists below,
 In temperate climes, or 'midst drear wastes of snow,
 Or where the solar fires incessant flame,
 Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same :
 Vainly the Sophist boasts, he can explain
 The causes of thy universal reign—
 More vainly would his cold presumptuous art
 Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart :
 A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe,
 A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive ;
 That voice poor *Cora* heard, and closely prest
 Her darling-infant to her fearful breast ;
 Distracted dar'd the bloody field to tread,
 And sought *Alonzo* through the heaps of dead,
 Eager to catch the music of his breath,
 Though faltering in the agonies of death,
 To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,
 And clasp his bosom, though it stream'd with gore ;
 That voice too *Rolla* heard, and, greatly brave,
 His *Cora's* dearest treasure died to save,
 Gave to the hopeless Parent's arms her child,
 Beheld her transports, and expiring smil'd.
 That voice we hear—Oh ! be its will obey'd !
 'Tis Valour's impulse, and 'tis Virtue's aid—
 It prompts to all Benevolence admires,
 To all that heav'nly Piety inspires,
 To all that Praise repeats through lengthen'd years,
 That Honour sanctifies, and Time reveres.

THE END.

